CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 15, 19[illegible] [illegible] CENTS

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EDITORIALS

The War on the Lakes Must Be Stopped

NO MATTER how he may feel about the other issues involved in the Great Lakes labor dispute, no person who respects the law can fail to be dismayed and sickened by the overriding fact that throughout the whole dispute, there has been a virtual moratorium on law.

Gangs of men from the striking Canadian Seamen's Union have repeatedly forced their way on board ships and attempted to eject, intimidate or injure the crews of the rival Canadian Lake Seamen's Union. Although individual penalties have been imposed under the criminal law, the Dominion, provincial and local governments have consistently failed to provide adequate protection under the law to the C.L.S.U. members who are exercising their lawful right to work for a living.

Perhaps even worse, the Dominion Government has failed to come to grips with the central point of dispute, which lies in civil law.

The strike began when Canada Steamship Lines and the other smaller companies involved refused to bargain with the C.S.U., a Communist-led organization with a bad name for thuggery in previous disputes. Instead they switched to the C.L.S.U., led by Pat Sullivan, a former Communist who had quit the C.S.U. in protest over the tactics of its leaders.

In the early stages of the strike, Leonard W. Brockington, K.C., and Douglas McNish were appointed a Commission of Enquiry to discover its rights and wrongs.

Their report throws no useful light whatever on the merits of the dispute or the legal principles at stake. At one point they said that "there is no law which forces a company or a union to make an agreement with anyone." At another point they reported that the companies' refusal to negotiate with the C.S.U. had been "contrary to accepted practices and to the law as it has heretofore been followed."

Maybe this sounds like doubletalk, but actually it only reflects the confusion that surrounds this country's laws of collective bargaining. If the two statements have any useful meaning, it is that the laws of collective bargaining need rewriting so that their meaning and intent cannot be misunderstood.

By their apparent reluctance to enforce the criminal laws, our governments have been in default of a primary governmental function. Their indifference has encouraged the law of the club and the gun.

And the resulting civil war on the Great Lakes has shown how desperately we need a clearer definition of the laws governing the dealings of employer and employee.

Butter Politics — Bad Politics

TO ALL politicians interested in winning or holding office in federal politics we address herewith another statement of our purple rage with respect to margarine.

Frankly, our jaded taste buds do not yearn for margarine. If our flesh is wasting away for the lack of margarine we are not aware of it. It is our soul, not our stomach, that cries for margarine.

Our soul is embittered over margarine because one of the things most necessary to the peace of our soul is honest and responsible government and in the matter of margarine we are getting neither of these.

We think there is ample evidence to show that the majority of people in Canada are in favor of legal margarine. We think there is ample evidence to show that the majority of our Members of Parliament have refused to give us margarine solely because they're afraid of the strong dairy interests.

Well, maybe that's all right. Maybe we have become so cynical in the conduct of our national affairs that a Member of Parliament is *entitled* to ask himself each time he speaks up in the House or abstains from speaking up, whether prudence isn't a more valuable asset to a politician than integrity.

All we're saying here is that the politicians who think it's prudent to weasel on margarine aren't being half as prudent as they think. After all, a dairyman only gets one vote, the same as a housewife, a bank clerk, an editor, or any other nondairying citizen.

From now on we are going to apply one simple yardstick to this issue. We are going to assume that, irrespective of party lines and basic differences of ideology, there are two kinds of politician in our federal government: those who are willing to give us margarine and those who are not willing to give us margarine. We are assuming that those who are willing to give us margarine are willing to say so publicly and in words that cannot be misunderstood. We are assuming that those who choose to remain silent on the issue are courting the dairying vote at the next election and, as a corollary, spurning ours.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Manuscripts submitted to Maclean's must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.

Printed and Published semi-monthly at Toronto by
MACLEAN-HUNTER
Publishing Company Limited
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada
[illegible]

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THE OPENING OF THE WEST...

Pioneers with Canada...

IN 1896 all Western Canada, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific, held fewer people than the city of Winnipeg today. In half a century, millions of new settlers have poured in from other lands, eager to find new homes, new opportunities, and a new way of living

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

WE HAVE never had the opportunity of sampling Thor Heyerdahl's singing voice but, even if he can't croon a note, we're still prepared to nominate him as the 20th century's most authentic Nature Boy

Heyerdahl's story (page 17, this issue) of his attempt to get away from it all on the Polynesian Island of Fatu-Hiva speaks for itself. But even this unusual adventure in reverting to nature is mere bush-league reverting when it's compared with a more recent pilgrimage Heyerdahl made beyond the veil of Polynesian history.

This was the famous raft ride halfway across the Pacific Ocean which put Heyerdahl on the front page of every newspaper in the world a few months ago and—more important from his point of view—lent dramatic support to the young Norwegian anthropologist's favorite theory.

●Heyerdahl maintains that many Polynesian tribes are descended from the pre-Inca tribes of Peru, who were driven out of that country by the more war-minded Incas about 500 A.D. More conservative scientists insisted there was one monumental flaw in the theory: how could South American Indians of 1 500 years ago with virtually no recorded knowledge of shipbuilding or navigation possibly cover the 4 500 miles of ocean between their hypothetical point of departure and their hypothetical destination? Easy, Heyerdahl said. They climbed on rafts and let the ocean currents carry them.

This explanation was greeted with some scepticism. To prove its plausibility, Heyerdahl gathered a handful of Norwegian friends in Peru, built a raft of balsa wood climbed aboard, cast the raft adrift and put the verdict—and his life—in the hands of Neptune. Straight as a homing pigeon though several weeks slower the raft bobbed across the waves to Tahiti. Q.E.D.

Of the more conventional part of his life, Heyerdahl has spent a sizeable part in Canada. He worked for a while as a laborer in Trail B.C., and, in 1939-40 he spent six months studying the Kwakiutl Indians of Bella Coola B.C., and Vancouver Island. When his native country was overrun by the Germans he headed for the refugee Norwegian Air Force's training base in Toronto, qualified as a parachutist, and later became one of the first officers to jump into Norway.

He's back in Norway now, preparing for an expedition to the Andes in search of some more dope on the Incas.

●We regret to say that as we went to press two of the writers who contributed to this issue were in bed recovering from bites suffered in the course of their leg work. Bruce McLeod, who wrote the story of a forest fire on page 12, was bitten by black flies in Northern Ontario and Hugh MacLennan, who wrote "The Elephant on Parade" on page 7, was bitten by a beefsteak in Philadelphia.

The damage to Mr MacLennan was the more serious and can perhaps only be appreciated by anyone who has tangled personally with the kind of beefsteak you are apt to encounter at a United States political convention. The beefsteak which assaulted Mr MacLennan was an especially wiry and savage representative of the breed. Mr MacLennan who had been hardened up a good deal himself by a week in the damp oven of convention hall escaped with what at first appeared to be only superficial injuries. He returned to his home and wrote his story. But then, while treating the swollen gum which his patient suffered along with a damaged tooth, a dentist gave Mr MacLennan a whacking dose of penicillin. It developed thereupon that the patient is violently allergic to penicillin. He had to be rushed to hospital in an ambulance and was under sedatives and the care of two special nurses for a week.

The Editors

ALUMINUM *helps everybody...*

in INDUSTRY: Canadian railways, for example, are using more and more aluminum in freight cars and passenger coaches

in the HOME: Too more and more articles are being made of aluminum — washing machine tubs for instance.

The reasons? There are several! Aluminum is light strong easy to keep clean It is durable and it cannot rust It is economical because through research and large-scale production the price has been brought down 25% since 1939

Today more than 1000 Canadian companies are fashioning aluminum into countless useful and beautiful shapes, as varied as buses and aircraft, garden tools and vacuum cleaners

Tomorrow its advantages will be adapted to make still other articles which are lighter and more attractive. The next time you go shopping, notice how many things are being made of aluminum

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The aluminum produced in Canada last year found its way to 48 other countries, the largest buyers abroad being the United Kingdom and the United States. Our production was so great that after Canadian manufacturers had been supplied we still had 85% left for export — a valuable source of foreign exchange

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Today's prospectors have a buzzing in their ears.

The Hunt for the Singing Atom

Gold's old stuff; miners on the Trail of '48 want uranium, the stuff that can chirp in their ears or flatten a city

By C. FRED BODSWORTH

WHERE Northern Ontario's broad Abitibi River tumbles through the spruce-walled gorge of Otter Rapids and lunges northward on its final 60-mile dash for James Bay and the sea, I stood over one of Canada's newest radioactive ore discoveries and listened to its tune of disintegrating atoms, the theme song of the atomic age.

Locked in a brown-red vein of ore at my feet there was possibly bread-and-butter stuff for scores of potential atom bombs, but the tune of cracking atoms I heard could have been drowned out by the snap of a penny firecracker.

Detected and amplified by the Geiger counter which hung at my waist, a wondrous little electronic gadget which smells out disintegrating atoms of radioactive ore as keenly as a cat smells out fish, the atom tune in the Geiger's earphone sounded merely like raindrops spattering on a tin roof. Without the Geiger to translate it into sound, those thousands of disintegrating atoms would have been as undetectable as the 40-pound sturgeons which, as the natives say, lurk in the Abitibi's khaki-colored water offshore.

Along Ontario's Abitibi and throughout the whole of northern Canada's vast reaches of rock and muskeg, there are hundreds of Canadian prospectors and mining engineers this summer toting Geiger counters and listening for the song of the atom. The greatest mineral hunt of Canada's mining history is on. The stuff they seek is uranium, the metal of tomorrow, the raw fuel of atomic energy.

Uranium five years ago was one of the least valuable of metals, a practically useless byproduct of radium and gold refining. Today it is the most sought mineral of the world. Some day scientists may learn how to release bottled-up energy in the atoms of other elements, but today and probably for years to come uranium is the only element which can be induced to yield the latent force of the atom.

In 1943, when the atomic bomb was emerging from a dream to reality, the Canadian Government claimed title to all radioactive minerals in the ground and warned private prospectors and firms off. Canada's only producing uranium mine, the workings of the Eldorado Mining and Refining Co. which had been dug to extract radium from the bleak and rocky east shore of Great Bear Lake in the Northwest Territories, was expropriated by the Crown.

Then the UN made it apparent that international control, if any, would not include control of radioactive ores in the ground. On March 16 the wraps were thrown off. Prospectors and private mining companies were told, in effect: "Get out and find uranium. Mine it yourselves. But you've got to sell all you produce to the Government of Canada."

Canada guaranteed a minimum of $2.75 per pound for the uranium oxide of an ore for the next five years. Through the hush-hush curtain of atomic secrecy the fact had leaked out that at this price Eldorado ore was averaging $55 a ton. That's big money. Some gold mines have made money on two dollar a ton ore. Thus the standards of what constitutes mineral wealth had changed overnight. The uranium hunt was on. Every prospector and his brother packed up his duffel, got himself a Geiger counter if he could and went out listening for the song of the disintegrating atom.

One of the busiest focal points at present in Canada's uranium hunt is the Abitibi's Otter Rapids area in Northern Ontario.

The original Otter Rapids discovery was made and the first claims staked last July by Alex Mosher, a Haileybury prospector with a yen for poring over old geological reports and maps in the libraries of Ottawa and Toronto.

Thirty years ago a government survey party had passed down the Abitibi and in their report they referred to the "mystery ore" of Otter Rapids. Radioactivity was not then generally understood and the "mystery ore" was forgotten. A year ago Mosher discovered the report and went to the Otter to have a look for himself. After 12 days of searching he came across the vein. He had no Geiger counter but he suspected that the deposit was radioactive so he hacked off a few samples and sent them to Ottawa for analysis. Then he struck off 1,000 miles to the west to prospect for gold around Red Lake.

A couple of months later a hurried wire from Ottawa's atomic experts caught up to him near Red Lake. "Please forward 150 pounds of further samples," it said. Mosher knew then that he had something hot. He rushed to the Otter, collected the samples and staked his claims while the coast was still clear. Radioactive ore was still hush-hush stuff and Mosher had to keep mum about his discovery. When Tony Morelli, the Italian-born, Glasgow-raised postmaster, asked why he was spending so much time around Coral Rapids close by, Mosher waved a fishing rod and said he was trying for the Abitibi's goldeyes. So the Otter Rapids' singing atoms remained a secret, even to the four white residents of Coral Rapids a few miles away, until the Government threw off the final restrictions this spring and let the secret out.

Why Otter Is Important

IRONICALLY, there hasn't been an atom of uranium found at Otter Rapids yet. Electronic and chemical analyses of samples obtained from Otter Rapids so far have all shown that the deposit's radioactivity originates in thorium, an element closely related to uranium which at our present stage of atomic know-how isn't a practical source of atomic power. Nevertheless, there's plenty of interest in Otter Rapids among Ottawa's atomic and mining experts. Here's why.

In the present state of our knowledge the only practical way of mining uranium is from a vein deposit. In another kind of deposit the ore is found sprinkled in a variety of granite known as pegmatite. The only radioactive vein deposit known to have been found in Canada outside the Northwest Territories is at Otter Rapids. All the other strikes in Saskatchewan, Ontario and Quebec have been pegmatitic deposits.

Men representing the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Mines, Ontario's Department of Mines and the Eldorado Co. have all had a fling at studying the Otter Rapids deposit. (The Bureau of Mines sent its first party in as long ago as last fall.) But no one yet has either called it a big discovery or pooh-poohed it as worthless. They're cagey about making definite statements, but one official described the Otter Rapids prospects in this way: "The Otter Rapids vein formation bears quite a resemblance to the big Great Bear Lake formation at the Eldorado mine. True, there's been no uranium found there yet, but, according to all the uranium rules we know, there's a big likelihood that uranium is there. The fact that its structure resembles Eldorado and, like Eldorado, is located on a fringe of the Precambrian Shield, makes the whole setup look very interesting."

Interesting enough, anyway, that the prospectors have been flocking in with their Geiger counters like flies to honey. In May the discovery was announced by the Ontario Government; by midsummer the staking score was nearly 200 claims representing about 20 private prospectors and mining firms. All of the land for about two miles on every side of the originally discovered vein has been staked.

Prospectors are jolting northward through the muskegs on the Ontario Northland Railway's Cochrane-to-Moosonee Polar Bear Express, sharing seats with Cree Indians. They're throwing off their tents, canoes and duffel at Mile 92, halfway point to Moosonee and James Bay (Conductor Sam Farmer will pull the cord and the twice-a-week Polar Bear will rumble to a stop wherever a passenger desires) and they're tramping eastward from the railway along a half-mile trail that is now worn deep and wide to pitch their tents and throw down their sleeping bags where the rushing white water of the Abitibi bars the way.

Or, if the Polar Bear is running late and there's not enough daylight left for pitching camp, the prospectors are riding four miles on to Coral Rapids (population: four whites, three Indians and a dozen or so Huskies; real estate—one house, one freight shed, three tar paper shanties and a dozen or so dog kennels). Tony Morelli, only postmaster in 80 miles, gives them bed and breakfast and calls them fools for "going ahuntin' that atom stuff when you could be catchin' speckled trout and goldeyes over in Little Beaver." The dawn is still a blushing youngster when the prospectors start out on their four-mile backtrack toward Otter Rapids' singing atoms.

I was lucky that frosty mid-June morning when I bade good-by to Tony

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A diamond drill bites into radioactive ground near the Arctic Circle.

Otter Falls. Geigers found mystery ore under the muskeg. Uranium?

Carroll Reece, convention organizer. Quote: "The American People belong only unto God."

Clare Booth Luce tossed a foul at Truman that made even hardened Republicans wince.

Senator Bricker nominated his friend Taft, was shaken by the power of his own oratory.

THE ELEPHANT ON PARADE

By HUGH MACLENNAN

No one knows what kind of president Tom Dewey might make. But he has already proved that heat, hoopla and horse trading can't shake him

NO ONE seems willing at this time to predict what kind of a president Thomas Dewey will make if he is elected by the United States in November. Great national leaders, especially within a democracy, are usually one of three different species of man. One kind, the most colorless, is the pure administrator. Another kind, always the most beloved, is a national replica of the father-image which resides within us all. The third kind, the most dangerous, is a symbol of youth in revolt.

In times of prosperity, when bank accounts bulge and people are confident of handling their own affairs, they prefer an administrator. Coolidge, who did nothing to lessen their self-esteem, is still considered to have been a good president by men whose affairs flourished in the 20's.

In times of trouble, people invariably turn to the father image. Franklin Roosevelt, with his fireside chats and wonderfully reassuring voice, was the father image incarnate. Significantly, he was elected in the depths of the depression.

In times of despair, when the government has been too long in the hands of flabby men, people usually turn to youth in revolt. Invariably such a leader is a man who believes in strong central authority, whether he calls it fascism, communism or something else with a label which has sufficient history to give sanction to his power. So far we have seen no successful examples of this type of leader in federal politics in Canada or the United States.

To a certain extent all three of the leading candidates at the Republican Convention of 1948, which I attended as a representative of Maclean's Magazine, fell by nature and disposition into one of these three categories. Taft was certainly the father type, but, unfortunately for his ambitions at this or any other time, he seems to the public the kind of father who discovers the most excellent and logical reasons why a daughter should not marry the man of her choice. Stassen was a symbol of youth in revolt, but such a vague one, and perhaps such a sane one, that he had aligned himself with a conservative party in a prosperous year and so was bound to find himself running in a political vacuum.

At the present moment the individual American, for all his anxieties about America's relations with the outer world, feels prosperous and fairly self-confident at home. He does not so much want to love his president, or to feel that his president loves him, as he wants to know that he has a man in the White House who understands his job. Thomas E. Dewey, the able administrator who longs to take on the most difficult task in the world, has contrived to make himself appear, at least to his own party, the answer to that desire. From the beginning of the convention no one else had a chance of winning the Republican nomination.

Despite the fact that they often verged on sheer comedy, the processes by which Dewey was nominated need not have been disheartening to an admirer of American democracy. Societies perish, we are told, because they become too fastidious to employ the vulgar means necessary to ensure their self-preservation. If this is true, there is no need to worry about the durability of the United States so long as its destiny rests with the kind of men who nominated the Republican candidate. The men who voted Dewey in represent a certain type of man extremely common in the political life of the United States. So far as I know, only one of the delegates died that week. The rest of the 3,000-odd officials, delegates and alternates looked as fresh at the end as they looked at the beginning. They seemed able to think without giving themselves time to think. They were insensitive to noise, heat, sweat and chills. Abuse failed to touch them. Above all, they enjoyed their work enormously and never tired of it. If they had been the kind of men who couldn't stand the pace of such a week in Philadelphia, they would have been some place else.

The general pattern of the American political convention was set nearly a hundred years ago, long enough to have

Continued on page 50

A weary delegate seeks relief after five days in temperatures that went over 100.

Refuse of a demonstration: the noisy war dance staged for "man of the peepul."

Nothing was important

to Kelly —

outside engineering.

Then he met Catherine,

and discovered how wrong

a guy can be

HERE IS MY HEART

By JAMES CARVER

THEY met at one of the little parties Fred Parkinson and his wife Gwen gave at their apartment Saturday nights.

The parties were small and quiet, just a few of the men, mostly veterans like Fred himself, who were taking engineering at the university, and their wives or girls sitting around drinking a few beers, talking and listening to the record player.

Kelly Mercer wasn't sure he wanted to go. He liked Fred all right, and he always enjoyed himself at these little Saturday night affairs, but Kelly begrudged any time he took from his books unless it was for something important. And to Kelly there was nothing really important outside of getting his degree and becoming an engineer.

Tonight he came to Fred's apartment a little late, a little sulky, because he had given in to the desire to be where there were people. Gwen seemed to recognize the signs because she whispered to him as he shuffled into the little hall, "Forget about the books for a night, Kelly. There's a nice girl here I want you to meet."

That was how they met. Kelly lit a cigarette and sat on a hassock beside Catherine Roberts, with a bottle of beer between his feet and listened to the conversation.

It was always the same at these clambakes, Kelly told himself. Here they were talking about the war in one corner and school in the other. He butted his cigarette and looked around. Catherine Roberts was watching him.

Kelly hadn't paid much attention to her when they had been introduced. He got the impression of a small, dark, slim girl with shy eyes. He hadn't heard her speak except for the murmured acknowledgment of the introduction.

Kelly swung around a little until he was facing her and locked his hands across his knees.

"And which shall *we* talk about?" he asked. "The war or the school?"

"Is that all there is?" she asked. Her voice was soft and nice to listen to.

"That's all—house rule. The war's a kind of hoof and mouth disease with us. We walked around in those suits for four years and now we're going to talk about it for the rest of our lives, I guess," said Kelly.

"What were you in?" asked Catherine.

Kelly rose.

"Say, you don't know what you're doing. The last person who asked that was found here the following Tuesday, weak and gibbering and plucking at his clothes. You want to be careful," he said, slapping the pocket of his leather jacket. "Look, will you excuse me for a few minutes? I'm out of cigarettes. I'm going down to the corner."

Catherine got up.

"I'll go with you," she said.

Kelly called to Gwen from the door, told her where they were going. He and Catherine walked down the stairs and out on the street. At the corner Kelly turned to go into a cigar store.

"Let's walk a little farther," said Catherine. "I feel like some air."

They walked in silence for half a block. Kelly ran a hand over his close-cropped blond head and looked down at Catherine.

"How well do you know Gwen and Fred?" he asked her.

"Pretty well. That is, I've known Gwen for years. We come from the same town. I didn't meet Fred before this year," she said.

"She didn't sick you on me to try and cheer me up or something, did she?" Kelly blurted out.

Catherine shook her head. She brushed back her long dark hair before she answered.

"No, this was my own idea. Do you mind?"

"No, I don't mind. But Gwen seems to think because I'm single and working hard at my studies that I'm going through hell. I'm not. I had four big years full of going places and doing things."

"And girls . . . ?"

"Yes, there were even some girls. Enough anyway that I'm happy to be a hermit for the next three years and get this course. It means more to me than anything else in the world." Kelly heard his own voice strangely savage.

"Here's another cigar store," said Catherine.

They bought the cigarettes and walked back to the apartment without speaking. The Parkinsons were a walkup, three flights. Kelly paused at the first landing to wait for Catherine who was a step behind him. When she joined him on the landing he folded his arms around her and kissed her hard.

They walked the other two flights slowly. At the door of the apartment Kelly paused and jabbed at his mouth with the back of his hand.

"You haven't got any lipstick," said Catherine in a flat voice and opened the door. She paused for a moment, as though she wanted to be sure Kelly was behind her, then walked in to rejoin the party.

KELLY played squash on Mondays after classes. You had to keep in shape and the games like football and basketball took too much time. This way you could slip in for a fast game and out again.

His muscles felt tight and fine as though they had been newly tuned as he stood on the top step of the gym entrance the Monday after the Parkinson party. The early spring wind pushed cold flat fingers through his hair. He hadn't rubbed it dry after his shower. A guy could get a cold that way; a guy could get sick and be out of school for days, maybe weeks, maybe miss his year.

He zippered his combat jacket up to his neck and shoved his hands deep into the pockets and began to walk swiftly. Down Memorial Walk under the skeletal elms, past the Gothic cave of the entrance to the library. As he drew near the building he saw the glowing end of a cigarette mark the dusk with a little fiery loop as someone tossed it away. As he passed he heard the urgent whisper of soft-soled shoes in a hurry.

Then Catherine was beside him, her books cradled in her arms. She was a breathless, wind-blown little figure as she tried to hang onto her books, push her hair back and keep up with Kelly's long strides.

"I was waiting for you," she said. "They told me at the gym you were playing squash. So I waited. Do you mind . . . do you mind my waiting for you?"

"No, I don't mind. Why should I?" he answered.

"I don't know. Why did you leave the party the other night without saying good-by to anyone? You went out to the kitchen and then a little while later Gwen said you had gone home."

Kelly looked down at her for a moment without speaking.

"I was tired. I get tired of parties very easily. Besides, I had a lot of work to do yesterday," he said brusquely.

Catherine gave a little skip to catch up to him.

"You've got to work all right, I guess. You've got a tough year," said Catherine in a small voice.

"A very tough year," said Kelly firmly. "And it comes first."

They were out of the university grounds now and walking toward Fairlawn Street where many of the student boardinghouses and fraternity houses are located.

"You going to eat?" asked Kelly suddenly.

"Yes, are you?"

"At the greasy spoon, you know, the White Lunch. Ever eat there? A delightful cuisine. They cater to a type of gourmet who has exactly fifty cents to spend on dinner," said Kelly.

"Oh, I'll pay for my own," said Catherine eagerly.

Kelly grinned.

"Guess you'll have to," he said. "I'm just about broke again. Near the end of the month. We turn up here."

The White Lunch was full of noise and students and the fog of frying food. Catherine and Kelly walked the length of the double row of booths before they found a place to sit. The single occupant at the table looked up.

"Hello, Kelly. Sit down," said the young man with a friendly smile.

"This is Brock Sheppard. Catherine Roberts. Sheppard is one of my instructors," said Kelly.

"And one of your former sergeants," said the other, making room for Kelly on his side of the table.

"Sheppard isn't the least bit rank-conscious now but there was a time when he wouldn't associate with officers," explained Kelly. He just sneered at them."

The conversation soon turned to schoolwork. Once or twice Sheppard looked across at Catherine and made an attempt to draw her into the conversation but Kelly brought him back to the problem he had outlined on a paper napkin in pencil.

"Will you go over that again, Brock? I guess I'm just plain stupid. When you have a piston, say two inches in diameter . . ." Kelly began and bent over the diagram.

Catherine finished her dinner and drank her coffee. Kelly and Sheppard talked. Suddenly she scooped up her books and was gone.

Sheppard looked up.

"Look, Kelly, we weren't very polite to your girl friend," he said.

"She isn't my girl friend. She's just a gal I met the other night at a party," said Kelly, turning back to the drawing. "I have it now, Brock. I had entirely the wrong slant on the whole thing. It's been worrying me all day."

He threw down the pencil. He looked taut and tired.

"It's tough getting back to school, Brock. Last year was tough . . . this . . .

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ILLUSTRATED BY
REX WOODS

Groceries and gold, peppermints and paper boxes — they're all in the empire Weston built from biscuits.

BIG DOUGH IN BREAD

The Story of Garfield Weston, the World's Largest Baker

By **MATTHEW HALTON**

CBC European Correspondent

THE late George Weston of Toronto, a biscuit-and-bread manufacturer, once remarked of his son: "Garfield has no sense of money values."

He was notably wrong.

Starting with his father's Ontario business, which made an annual profit of $25,000, Garfield Weston has built an industrial empire in four continents which brings him a profit of millions of dollars a year.

Weston's vast holdings have made him the biggest manufacturer of bread in the world, the largest biscuitmaker in the British Empire and Canada's largest wholesale grocer. His many Canadian interests range from a gold mine through the chocolate and ice cream business to paper box factories. The Weston Empire has outposts in six of the United States and has spread to India, South Africa and the West Indies. Mr. Weston is a very big operator indeed.

His sense of money values, far from being nonexistent, is a precision instrument which turns almost everything he touches to gold. "You surely don't think I'm in business to make money, do you?" he asked me once in what looked like genuine surprise; and the tireless wheels that drive him are certainly not love of money. He believes that he is in business among other things for the greater glory of the British Empire.

But in the process he certainly makes money. Last year he sold goods to the value of $334,437,581 and divided profits of more than $25 millions between his pocket and various state treasuries. He is so rich that in Britain in this year of a special capital levy the Treasury will take his entire income plus $80,000.

It is clear, then, that there's still dough in bread.

Garfield Weston is not a poor boy who made good, but a rich boy who made far better. His father had done pretty well. But Garfield made a fortune in Canada before he was 30. Then he went to England and made himself a multimillionaire in just three or four years, making and selling, not speculating. He turned back to Canada and bought about $12 millions worth of new businesses. He expanded to the United States, the West Indies, South Africa and India, and feels that he has only begun. He is now one of the world's great industrialists. And he is the most unusual magnate I ever met. He is a romantic with the golden touch.

Weston, at 50, is fundamentally young and as restless physically as mentally. He is of slight but muscular build and of average height and good looking. He has a wide forehead, candid eyes, a nose that was broken in boxing when he was a youngster and strong, full mouth. He drinks no liquor but an occasional glass of sherry or table wine and smokes little. His only interests are his family and his business.

One of his greatest pleasures is generosity to his friends and charity. His most famous gift was that of £100,000 to the Spitfire Fund during the Battle of Britain, but he has given more than that quite anonymously to charity and good works, especially in Canada. One of his pet schemes now under way is to send 50 English boys to Canada for a holiday every year.

He loves talking and his talk is fascinatingly tangential; you never know what is coming next. He talks frankly about his business, his methods and his successes. His frankness in fact astonishes people, but often I have felt that his real opinions, methods and intentions are locked deep away and that here is a man you could never really know. A transparent man, you would say at first, but he is the reverse. "A wandering mind," you might say, but he never misses a detail. "A simple soul," but there is a deep religiousness in him, too.

"I've heard," I questioned him recently, "that you believe in spiritualism."

"Spirituality, not spiritualism," he replied. "I'm a Wesleyan Methodist by upbringing, not a spiritualist. But I do believe that someday we'll know more about the unseen powers we could draw upon if we wished to. Sometimes I do feel I'm tuning in to something, I don't know what. After all, *I don't think I could have done all this alone*."

Here is his story.

"Pale and Fragile"

GEORGE WESTON, Garfield's father, began as a bread wagon driver in Toronto. He was a worker and in 1884 he bought out the bakery and later he founded the Weston Biscuit Co.

His son Willard Garfield was a student at Harbord Collegiate in Toronto on the outbreak of the first World War. One day the principal made a speech to Garfield's class saying Britain was in danger (in Weston's telling it sounds like a terrific speech) and the whole class, most of them under age, went down and enlisted. At 18 Weston went overseas with divisional signals in a section commanded by Lieut. Beverley Baxter—the same whose London Letter you know. "He was very young and pale and fragile," says Baxter. "I didn't see him in France but I heard he made an excellent soldier. . . . The next time I met him years later he was a multimillionaire manufacturer with the world at his feet."

Weston spent all his leaves visiting biscuit factories in Britain. He had already determined to be one of the biggest biscuitmakers in the world. He saw that the British had the best biscuits but that their methods were costly and antiquated.

After the war he returned to his father's biscuit and bread business in

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The Gopher League Comes Back

By **TRENT FRAYNE**

CARTOONS BY MEL CRAWFORD

When cash-hungry ball players hit a prairie town, it's a picnic, a World Series and a four-game circus — and all for one buck

RAIN pelted against the windows and made little rivers across the glass and Howard (King) Crawford, who had been hunched over a typewriter, straightened and smiled broadly as he glanced at the weeping sky.

"Rain, beautiful rain," he beamed. "That's all this ball tournament needed. Now we're in."

This seemed sheer irony. Crawford, managing editor of the Brandon Daily Sun, was helping to promote a $1,000 invitation baseball tournament the next day and after two months of planning and arranging it was logical to assume that the last thing he was looking for was rain. But he didn't see it that way. Listen:

"The farmers will take a look at this rain, start calculating all the money it means on their crops and then they'll decide to take a day off at the ball tournament."

"Of course," he added, "it better not rain tomorrow."

The Prairies are the last stronghold of the baseball tournament for prize money and although the tournaments aren't the colorful, rip-roaring cavalcades they were in the late 1920's they still present a unique social phenomenon, unknown to any other part of Canada.

Because of the long hauls it is economically unsound to organize professional baseball on a domestic or international scale. And so the annual baseball tournaments at such centres as Nokomis and Unity in Saskatchewan and Virden and Neepawa in Manitoba are a dusty, sunbaked blend of the World Series, a strawberry social and Saturday night all in one. Twenty years ago the Saturday-night element in the blend came out strongest. Today the tournament has the atmosphere of a family outing, with picnic ham more or less replacing the liquid lunch.

Twenty Bushels to the Strikeout

THE athletes, about whom all this gaiety revolves, do not labor entirely for love. Many of them are extremely well rewarded. The team from Delisle, Sask., near Saskatoon, for example, won nearly $9,000 at tournaments last year and split the money among the players at the close of the season. Delisle has a population of 475, including the Bentley brothers of the National Hockey League. Max Bentley, centre star of the Toronto Maple Leafs and Delisle's centre fielder, expects his team will enjoy an even better season this year. "The prize money has been increased at most tournaments," he explains.

The little town of Plumas in north-central Manitoba, short of the kind of cash that lures good pitchers, hit upon the novel idea of donating a 40-acre field of flax to an artistic right bender. On a yield of 20 bushels to the acre at a price of around $4 a bushel, the pitcher stands to make something like $3,200 if the crop holds up until fall.

Most tournaments offer $1,000 in prizes, with the winning team collecting $500, the second team $300 and the third $200. Indian Head, a town of 1,354 in southwestern Saskatchewan, has one of the West's biggest annual tournaments, offering $3,000 at a two-day tournament this month. The winning team will win $1,500, the second team $1,000 and the third $500.

Carman, in southern Manitoba, has a $1,500 one-day tournament and smaller towns and villages with populations of anywhere from 400 to 2,000 offer prizes of $500 to $1,000. Money for the prizes is raised through the sale of tickets, which usually cost $1 per person for the day. Fans who want to see the final game in the evening can get in for 50 cents.

The tournaments are designed to provide baseball for the neighborhood.

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RED HELL ON THE MISSISSAGI

By BRUCE McLEOD

Even the fleet-footed deer stands hypnotized when fire stalks the forest, leaping half-mile lakes and exploding trees like bombs

ONT. DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND FORESTS

A PUMPMAN pushed up off the plank flooring of the ranger cabin and wagged a finger at a ridge of timber across Peshu Lake. "Look at 'er go!" he shouted. "A red hellcat jumpin' the bush with seven-league boots!"

Tom Cassidy, the chief ranger, stopped sucking on his pipe. "She's crowned!" he said. "The devil himself wouldn't be likin' what's loose in the bush tonight."

I squinted into the smoke haze that ringed the lake with a dirty necklace. Far away, across the crown of the bush, I spotted a flash of red flicking in and out of the pine trees like the tongue in a snake's mouth.

Fire!

A red monster dancing like a drunken jitterbug through the evergreen roof of the Mississagi forest 500 miles north and west of Toronto in the angle between Lakes Huron and Superior.

A jangle of bells called Cassidy inside. When he came out again his Irish face was crinkled up in a frown. "Fire's movin' fast on Mountain Ash Lake," he said. "Looks like we'll lose a tower there. Got two new fires at Lake Duval. And all hell's busted out at Kindiogami."

Charlie Brown, a ranger, poked at the lumps of fly bites behind his ears, then wet a finger and stuck it in the air. "Wind's shifting," he said solemnly. "There'll be no sleep tonight."

I knew what he meant—and why rangers and lumberjacks from North Bay to Sault Ste. Marie and from Port Arthur to Cochrane were calling these tortured 400,000 acres of pine, balsam, spruce and birch a corner of hell on earth.

Out there in the ravaged bush I had seen some of the 2,300 men who were battling this fire—one of the greatest and costliest in Ontario's forest history. Weary and fly-bitten, they had been struggling for 15 days along an 80-mile front to strait-jacket this red killer. And everywhere they were losing ground.

More than 6,000 bush fires stalk the timberlands of Canada every year. Put together, they would burn a path a mile wide all the way from Halifax to Vancouver and northward to Alaska. A check of statistics shows an average annual loss of between $4 millions and $5 millions based on "stumpage" rates set by the Government. This year has been particularly bad, with losses already estimated at $40 millions. Ontario has accounted for a major portion

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All Right, Flatfoot

Willie was jolly and generous with a rich air of excitement clinging close to him. But Karl wanted to get away from him — fast

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

By MORLEY CALLAGHAN

AT MIDNIGHT Karl came into the hotel lobby and approached the desk with a self-conscious air to ask for Mr. Bristow, the boxing promoter.

Karl, who was only nineteen and in his first year university, was not accustomed to being in hotel lobbies at that hour. "Mr. Bristow?" said the neat, cool night clerk. "Why, there's Mr. Bristow right over there," and he pointed to a group of men standing by one of the marble pillars about ten feet away. "Mr. Bristow," he called softly.

A big-shouldered, heavy man about forty-five, who was wearing a dark brown suit and a snap-brimmed brown hat on the back of his head, left the group and came toward the desk. He was good-looking with bold regular features and cold blue eyes and a face which in repose was like a piece of granite, but when he grinned as he came closer his expression changed and he seemed to have an engaging jolly self-assurance.

The clerk had merely nodded at Karl and Mr. Bristow, without waiting for Karl to speak, put out his big hand. "You're Karl, aren't you?" he said. "How are you, Karl? So your uncle's laid up, eh?"

"He had a touch of pleurisy, Mr. Bristow."

"He sounded all right on the phone, Karl."

"He's all right, only he has to stay in bed."

"Well, it was nice of you wanting to come down and meet me, Karl."

"I've always wanted to meet you, Mr. Bristow," Karl said shyly. "I've heard so much about you from my uncle."

"It's nice having you want to sit around with us. You look just right to me, Karl," Mr. Bristow said warmly as he took him by the arm and led him toward the two friends who still waited for him.

Karl grinned. He liked Mr. Bristow immediately, felt at ease with him and decided quickly that he was even more impressive than he had expected him to be, which meant that he was a very impressive man.

Ever since Karl had been a kid he had heard his Uncle John talk about his old friend, Willie Bristow, who had had such an exciting successful life in the biggest cities on the continent. Willie had made money out of fighters and he had kept it. If Willie hadn't liked the easy careless sporting life he could have been a great politician or an industrialist, according to Uncle John, for he had a very remarkable quality: he had great instinctive knowledge of a man's weakness; he knew how to handle people. For years Karl had wanted to meet him and had dreamed of possessing himself these valuable qualities.

They had only taken ten paces together, but Willie had already made Karl feel like an old friend and the two men to whom he was introduced seemed to accept him as someone who was important in Willie's life. Both these men were smoking fine cigars and they wore good clothes and they shared the same mellow nonchalance. The thin one with the tired eyes and the intellectual stoop was Pierre Oumont, fight manager from Montreal, whose boy, a lightweight, had been knocked out two hours ago in the Garden.

The other was Solly Stone, who had been a fighter himself ten years ago, and now had an unmarked, bland moonlike face and the soft chuckling assurance of a man with a rapidly growing bank account. They went on talking about the fight, teasing each other because they had all lost money. Then Willie said, "Just a moment," and he went back to the desk and Karl, who was more interested in watching Willie than in listening to his friends, saw what his uncle had meant.

Approaching the desk Willie called, "Heh, you . . ." and the neat polite clerk, who had jerked his head around in indignation, quickly smiled. And it was really a friendly smile. Karl couldn't imagine himself talking so roughly to a hotel clerk, especially the one there at the desk who was accustomed to having rich successful men speak to him politely and accept in return his own bored politeness. But when Willie said, "Heh, you . . ." the clerk was willing to like it.

With his big hands flat on the desk Willie gave the clerk some instructions about delivering a parcel next day, then he looked at his watch, returned to his friends, hardly listened to them and finally said impatiently, "Oh, come on up to the room and have a drink. That dame can come up to the room."

It was a big double room on the fifth floor and the window was open with the curtains bellying in the warm night wind and the sound of tugboats' whistling coming from the harbor. "Take off your coat, Karl," Willie said.

The others, and Willie too, had quickly whipped off their coats. "I'm

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He was telling how his father taught him to use his fists

Cross Country

THE MARITIMES

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND'S doctors, who took a heavy loss of revenue three years ago when the so-called "Cullen" amendment to the prohibition act was passed, suffered a final financial body blow when the Island's residents voted three to one for a proposed new temperance act which will allow them to buy a bottle a week without a doctor's prescription.

The Cullen amendment allowed doctors to prescribe a bottle of liquor or a case of beer weekly, the prescription to be good for six months. Previously, a prescription had been needed for each purchase. This had cut down bootlegging and moonshining as well as doctors' revenue.

Two choices faced P. E. I. voters in June. They could vote for bone-dry prohibition or the new temperance act. The Cullen amendment was not a factor and would have died either way. The only difference in the new act is that it destroys the fiction that whisky is medicine. It won't affect bootlegging because the ration is still the same, though penalties for bootlegging are stricter. And no more liquor stores will be opened.

The plebiscite showed that the drys on the Island were more vocal than numerous — for years only the bravest of politicians would support any measure that the temperance forces opposed. But this year, though he was supposed to be impartial, Premier Jones went on the air three days before the actual referendum and urged the people to vote for the new act. Said J. H. MacFarlane, Temperance Federation president: "It's a battle lost in a war. We know we are beaten . . . for some time to come. But we still remain active . . ."

QUEBEC

The historic Plains of Abraham, Canada's birthplace, are Continued on page 53

Constable Cotter cracked a $400,000 drug ring (See B. C.)

Beaverbrook always wants to know "What's going on?" Here he fleets out from an engineer's seat

"It's Like This, Lord Beaverbrook —"

LORD BEAVERBROOK loves the telephone. At his country house there are telephones on the terrace, telephones in every room, a telephone in the swimming pool, even a telephone in his bathroom. He picks one up and tells his private exchange operator to get through to this or that person. When the person is on the line Lord Beaverbrook says: "Good morning. What's going on?"

He has just returned from Canada where as Chancellor of the University of New Brunswick, he has been fulfilling his special and unusual duties. He is the proprietor of the Daily Express, the Sunday Express and the Evening Standard, but he holds no directorship or post with them, has no office, and is very unlikely even to visit them.

But at this moment all the editorial and business heads are at the alert waiting for a telephone call and the familiar voice: "What's going on?" I, too, am waiting with one eye on the telephone on my desk, for although I have held no executive position on the Beaver's papers since 1933 we maintain a close and cordial professional relationship. Therefore it is dollars to doughnuts that I shall soon hear the abrupt friendliness of "What's going on?" and I shall have to report on the tides, the tendencies and the turn of events.

Beaverbrook is a great talker. He is also a remarkable listener. As long as you interest him his whole gigantic powers of concentration are on you and you alone, which is both flattering and disconcerting. His fault is that he has no patience with qualifications which we mistake for qualifications and compromise make up much of life.

Therefore I suggest we assume that the telephone has rung, that his operator has duly informed me that Lord Beaverbrook is on the telephone and that after a buzz we hear the familiar voice:

"Good morning. How are you? How's your wife? Good. Yes, I'm fine. *What's going on?*"

Now it would be unwise to assume that His Lordship is like the man from Mars and has no knowledge of what the world has been doing with itself. The Beaver may journey to the banks of the Miramichi and sing the New Brunswick lament "The Jones Boys," but newspapers and dispatches are flown to him from London, Paris and New York which, with the admirable aid of the New Brunswick newspapers, keep him reasonably well-informed.

Therefore we shall first tell the Beaver that Churchill's stock is rising to something like its wartime level.

"Why?"

That does not indicate doubt or displeasure on Beaver's part. On the contrary, Churchill remains his idol and no amount of clay on the idol's feet will affect his tenacious loyalty. It was not always so. There were times, 15 years ago, when they fought each other to a standstill, but their friendship always survived. It was in the war that their swift minds and boundless courage combined for the good of humanity and the downfall of the devil. So Beaverbrook, the romanticist, sees no wrong in Churchill today. Which, being translated, means that he admits no wrong.

"Churchill's stock is rising," I shall say, "because the country longs for a strong voice again. It wants to hear the trumpet instead of the piccolo. The English are getting tired of being pushed around by everybody. On the other hand, Attlee scored heavily when he made that broadcast in June telling the dockers to go back to work. It was the best thing he has ever done."

"Did you hear it?"

"Yes. It was on the wireless."

"Then Attlee's stock is rising too?"

This is a customary situation in telephone dialogues with the great Max. You start off to reveal what is in your mind and you end up with his telling you what you really think. So one must blandly but firmly stick to one's point. There is no logical reason why the prestige of two political opponents should not advance at the same time. On the other hand, and this we shall say to Max, it is not possible for two conflicting political ideologies to advance simultaneously in public approval. Therefore, I adhere to my view that both Churchill and the Tories are on the upgrade.

"So you think the Tories will sweep the country next time?"

"That is possible."

"Why?"

"The women are exhausted, impatient and disillusioned. We think the women's vote will swing heavily to us."

There is a long and ominous silence at the other end. Then you hear Beaverbrook dealing with his secretary, shouting to his butler, dictating a memo into his dictaphone, Continued on page 42

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Silicosis: The Dust Settles

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

AS A POLITICAL issue the Quebec silicosis scandal (reported in this space July 1) came to nothing. Whether anything at all will develop from the affair is doubtful, but still an open question.

In March the Jesuit magazine Relations carried a sensational article about silicosis, a lethal industrial disease, among employees in a silica quarry at St. Remi, Que. In July Relations published a "rectification" of that article, withdrawing some half dozen specific allegations. It wasn't a blanket retraction, but it had much the same effect — left the impression that the original article had been groundless.

"This rectification puts an end, so far as Relations is concerned, to the discussion raised by Mr. Burton Ledoux's article on silicosis," said the new "interim director" of the magazine. (The editor, Rev. Jean d'Auteuil Richard, S.J., has been removed to a post in Sudbury.)

Clerical authorities and both political parties as well as the various industrial companies named in the Ledoux article appear now to concur in the desire that nothing more be said about the silicotics of St. Remi. Only the Montreal newspaper Le Devoir, three doctors in the neighborhood of St. Remi, and a few other interested persons are keeping the controversy alive.

* * *

ALL SIDES now admit, after the enquiries of recent weeks, that the original article in Relations had a number of serious errors. For one thing, the author overstated the number of dead. He gave the names of 64 men said to have died of silicosis — it turned out that some had been killed in industrial accidents and there were even some who had never worked in the quarry at all. Le Devoir had two of its senior writers on the story for weeks and they reported they could find medical certificates for only 28 deaths from silicosis among quarry workers and ex-workers. Doctors in Arundel and Huberdeau, near St. Remi, estimate the death toll at 35 so far, with more to come.

Most serious of Ledoux's errors, though, was his failure to distinguish between *two* companies which have operated the silica quarry and plant at St. Remi at different times.

Second of the two companies, a subsidiary of Noranda Mines, has a good health record. It gave each worker a semiannual X-ray and provided remedial treatment for any who wanted to take it. It made a number of improvements which reduced the hazard of silica dust. From 1941, when this company took over, until the plant was closed a month ago, no *new* cases of silicosis have been detected in St. Remi.

All the men who have died of silicosis in the village were employed by the previous operator of the quarry, Canadian Kaolin & Silica Ltd., a subsidiary of N. A. Timmins Corporation (during Kaolin's period of operations, some of the advanced preventive measures introduced by the second company had not yet been discovered). Another 20 to 30 ex-employees of Kaolin are suffering from silicosis and the local doctors say at least 10 of them will die of it. St. Remi has only 160 families, so the percentage of casualties is impressive.

Canadian Kaolin's plant burned down in 1940. The Noranda plant was closed last month and its machinery dismantled. Why, then, is anybody still making a fuss about silicosis in St. Remi?

The answer is in one word — compensation.

Silicotics have a hard time collecting under the Quebec Workmen's Compensation Act. Dr. C. A. Pelland of St. Jovite, 15 miles from St. Remi, recalls the case of a patient of his, an employee of the Kaolin plant.

"He was silicotic to such a point that he was to die only a few days later. He got a letter from the Workmen's Compensation Board and this was the last paragraph the dying man read:

"'The enquiry we have made into your case shows that you were effectively exposed to this disease (i.e., employed in the silica plant) for a total period of 32 months and 21 days. Consequently, and by virtue of Article 105B of the Act, the Board regrets it is unable to accept your claim because you were not exposed for a period of at least three years.'"

The same goes for the widows and orphans left by those already dead. Only a few have ever received compensation from any source. Finally, there is the future to think of.

Dr. Reginald Henry of Arundel and Dr. Jean Garon of Huberdeau are the two physicians serving most of the St. Remi families — St. Remi has no doctor of its own. Dr. Henry has made many examinations on behalf of both silica companies. Both doctors have many silicotics from the pre-1941 Kaolin era among their patients.

No new cases have been detected among the men who worked for the new company. But both doctors suspect that some among their patients are beginning to show symptoms of the disease. Their worry is that the symptoms may become visible on an X-ray plate only after the legal period of delay has expired, in which case, once again St. Remi would have a group of dying men whose families have no legal recourse.

SORRY, OFFICIALLY YOU CAN'T BE SICK!
SILICOSIS VICTIM
QUEBEC WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION BOARD

Silicotics have a hard time collecting

For that kind of reason, few of the Kaolin workers who developed silicosis were able to get compensation. Not only is the period of exposure set at a fixed minimum (which was increased in 1943 from three to five years) but it is also specified that a worker may lay claim for compensation only within a certain interval of leaving the company's employ.

For a number of Kaolin's ex-employees, the period of delay was too short. They were thrown out of work suddenly when the plant burned down in 1940; they didn't realize, for months afterward, that anything had happened to their lungs. By the time they started the silicotic cough and took it to a doctor, the prescribed time had run out. Local doctors say that more than half the St. Remi silicotics are getting no compensation either from their former employers or from the Workmen's Compensation Board. The period of delay, one year in Kaolin days, has been increased to five years.

Neither political party was anxious to make an issue of St. Remi and its dead, because both must accept responsibility for the rigid Compensation Act that left the victims penniless and the sloppy inspection that permitted bad working conditions in the first place. Both were in power during the period of Kaolin's operation; either could have cleaned up the situation; neither did.

When Relations took up the issue, it looked for a while as if the great power of the Catholic Church might be actively mobilized for this reform. That would have put the Duplessis Government on the defensive, given the equally guilty Liberals a chance to make an issue of it.

Then Relations backed down. The editor, who refused to sign the "rectification" in its final unqualified form, was posted elsewhere and the new "interim director" proclaimed that "this rectification puts an end to the discussion."

Le Devoir has always been, and still is regarded as a peculiarly clerical Continued on page 55

Claustrophobia victims can't stand being shut up in trains, jails—or even in bed. The reason: forgotten terrors of childhood

"LET ME OUT OF HERE!"

By GEORGE KISKER

IT WAS Saturday morning and the barber shop was humming with activity. Suddenly a man who was being shaved jumped from the chair, grabbed a towel and rubbed the lather from his face. Then he rushed out of the shop.

The customers in the shop looked on in amazement. "What's the matter with that fellow?" asked a man near the door. "He didn't even take his hat and coat." The barber who had been shaving the departed customer answered. "That happens most every time he comes in. He has an idea that he can't stand being closed up in small places. He'll come back in an hour or two and I'll finish shaving him." The customers in the store shook their heads and laughed.

But the fear of closed places is no laughing matter for the thousands of people who suffer from this condition. Such people not only dread being confined in small rooms, but they can't ride in elevators, they are afraid to travel through tunnels, they can't sleep in Pullman cars, they are unable to travel in airplanes and some can't even sleep in a bed.

Some people become so panicky at being shut in that they can't even sit at ease in a theatre or in a large auditorium. If they go to such places at all, they must sit in an aisle seat near the door. If the door is left open, so much the better. When they find themselves in places from which they think they can't escape, they are thrown into such a panic that they feel that they will die.

What is this morbid fear of closed places? How does it come about? And what can be done for it? Psychologists have been working on the answers to these questions for many years. They don't have *all* the answers but they have enough of them to help you understand the condition and to show you how you can get rid of it.

The technical name for the fear of closed places is "claustrophobia"—from the Greek "Claustrum" (a closed place) and "phobia" (fear). There are dozens of other phobias. None is seen so frequently among *normal* people as claustrophobia.

"The fear of being confined and closed in is the most common and widespread of all fears," declares Dr. Albert C. Buckley, professor of psychiatry at the Graduate School of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania. "Every man, woman and child carries a little of this fear around with him. Some of us control it so that it doesn't bother us; for others it makes life miserable."

Fear in any form is always a painful emotion. But there are two kinds. One is a "normal" fear,

such as you have when you see a truck careening toward your car. It disappears as soon as the truck passes. The second is a "pathological" fear, a disease that destroys health and happiness. It eats away at your personality, may even lead to mental and physical illness. Claustrophobia is a fear of this kind.

Claustrophobia is dangerous because it sticks with you for years unless you take steps to get rid of it. Such excessive and prolonged fear brings about conditions of your body and your mind which are injurious to your physical and mental health, even though you think you are getting along with it. Many cases of heart trouble, stomach disorder, asthma, headache and excessive fatigue are caused by claustrophobia and similar fears.

The Case of the Frightened Boss

CLAUSTROPHOBIA is so closely tied up with heart disease that a prominent Los Angeles heart specialist declared: "The fear of closed places and being shut in is one of the main neurotic symptoms in my chronic heart patients." Psychologists have found that victims of severe claustrophobia almost always believe that they have a heart disorder. Severe cases are afraid they will die at any moment.

At first glance, there doesn't seem to be much reason why claustrophobia victims should have symptoms of heart trouble. Yet there is a logical connection. When a person with this kind of fear is confined in a small place, he becomes panicky and his heart begins to pound. After a time, this same symptom is carried over to the other panic situations most of us experience in our daily living.

Stomach complaints are also common among victims of claustrophobia. Along with a pounding heart, acute claustrophobic panic involves a disturbance of the nerves supplying the stomach and the intestines. The digestion becomes upset. Intestinal cramps, diarrhea and nausea make up a "stomach" reaction pattern. Once the pattern is established, it becomes a characteristic reaction to difficult day-to-day conflicts.

The executive of a large New York corporation, with offices on the 80th floor of a skyscraper, suffered with stomach disturbances for more than 10 years. He visited specialists in every large medical centre in America. No one was able to find out his trouble. Finally, he told his story to a psychiatrist he happened to meet at a dinner party given at a hotel roof garden.

At the dinner's end, while they were waiting for the elevator, the businessman exclaimed, "If we weren't on the 20th floor I would walk down. Elevators make me nervous." Going down in the elevator the psychiatrist noticed his friend become tense and pale and grit his teeth. At that moment the psychiatrist knew what was causing the stomach disorder. He explained to the executive how the daily trips to the 80th floor of the office building were so upsetting to his nervous system that his stomach was upset. He advised the executive to move his offices to the ground floor level. The executive did so and the stomach trouble disappeared.

Another physical disorder closely associated with claustrophobia is asthma. As in the case of heart and stomach symptoms, breathing difficulties are first developed in connection with claustrophobic panic. Then they are extended to other fear-provoking situations. In many cases the breathing disorder becomes so aggravated that the victim shows all the typical signs of chronic asthma.

Some psychologists believe that these breathing difficulties are a part of a "phantasy of suffocation"—an expression of a long-forgotten fear of losing life by losing breath. "The panic," explained Dr. Nandor Fodor, a prominent London psychiatrist, "is a re-enactment of the panic with which we drew our first lungful of air after being born into this world."

Another common symptom of claustrophobia is excessive fatigue which can be traced back to the sufferer's dream life. The victims' dreams are packed with incredible horrors. Nightmares of suffocation and being

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We Fled to a Cannibal Isle

By THOR HEYERDAHL

as told to Pierre Berton

AS FAR as I know, my wife and I are the only two living humans who have lived a completely primitive and almost prehistoric life for a year to find out what civilization is all about. The memory of the 12 months we spent on a tiny and utterly isolated South Sea Island, with no equipment except an iron kettle and a Tahitian machete—without even medical supplies—is still etched into our souls. For our return to nature changed the course of our lives and our attitude toward life itself.

It is 10 years since we left our Pacific island. In the interim I have done many things. I have traced the ancestry of the Polynesian tribes from New Zealand to Bella Coola, B.C. I have parachuted into my native Norway to help liberate it. I have worked as a laborer in a Canadian mining town. I have sailed a primitive raft across 4,000 miles of ocean to prove a scientific theory. I have had a lot of time to think about the world in which we live, but this is the first time that I have written down what our back-to-nature honeymoon on a South Sea Island taught us about civilization.

It was 1937 and I was 22. I had spent three and a half years at university in Oslo, Norway. I had another three or four years to go with little or no prospect of a job at the end. Our zoology studies were carried on almost entirely in lectures and laboratories. My two student friends, Yngvar Hagen and Per Hoel, were as fed up as I was. We made a pact to go to the ends of the earth in search of adventure.

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How to start the day in paradise—a dip in a cool mountain spring.

PHOTO BY AUTHOR

When natives turned hostile, the Heyerdahls spent their last days on Fatu-Hiva in a cave.

How did civilization look to the Heyerdahls after a hard primitive year in a South Sea jungle? It looked terrible

DON'T CALL ME MISTER

By ARTHUR MAYSE

YOU'D think Kay Elliot would be surprised when I told her Mister Morgan, the schoolteacher, had come back to work on our claim for the summer, but she just said "Oh!" and started to make out another time sheet.

"He got off the Loggers' Hearse at the beach camp this morning," I said. "He'd been took in a blackjack game and he had an awful hang-over. That's what Skyline Bill Hillier says anyhow!"

"The word is taken, not took," Kay Elliot said, "and you shouldn't repeat gossip, Nels."

Kay is a little thing with smooth black hair and a skin that doesn't tan or even sunburn. She's the only lady timekeeper in the Glory Hole country and my pop says she was born to be an old maid. But she used to like Mr. Morgan, even if he was an awful sissy.

I watched her adding overtime. After a spell I asked her, "How many Sundays in last month?"

She skipped her pencil from one line of figures to the next and said, "Four."

"Well," I told her, "you've just put that fireman down for five."

Her pencil stopped for a second. The tips of her ears got pink, and I decided maybe she was more interested in Mr. Morgan being back in camp than she let on. But Kay just said, "Nels, shouldn't you be in the commissary? The speeder will be up from the beach soon."

"That's what I'm waiting for," I said. "I want to see what job they signed the schoolmarm out on."

She didn't take any more notice of me. I was still roosting on the edge of her desk when the big speeder we call the Galloping Goose rattled in. I'd expected Mr. Morgan to be riding in the cab, but he was outside with the new rigging men and section hands the hiring agency had sent up. Rain dripped off his hat and he was sneezing into a white handkerchief.

I watched him tramp in with his suitcase in one hand and a brand new packsack on his shoulder. He's tall and thin as one of those herons you see on the flats at low tide and even in town shoes his feet are big enough for two men and a boy. Maybe Skyline Bill Hillier had been laying it on when he said Mr. Morgan had a hang-over, but he sure did look miserable.

Kay Elliot didn't pay him any attention till the rest of the new men had turned in their agency slips. Then she said, "Papers?" just as if she'd never seen him before in her life and he sneezed again into his handkerchief and fished in his pockets for the envelope.

Kay unfolded the blue slip and as she looked at it her face sort of stiffened. "Are you certain the agency hasn't made a mistake?" she asked him.

"Quite certain," he told her.

"But this—" Kay said and it was the first time I ever saw her look flustered. "Surely you could have taken a job with more—more dignity!"

Standing in front of her desk, Mr. Morgan looked a lot different than he used to in our company school. It wouldn't have surprised me a bit if he'd started to shuffle his feet.

"After all," he said, "I worked my way through university as a waiter—"

"This isn't university," Kay told him in a voice sharp as an icicle, "and they aren't called waiters here." She jabbed the blue slip onto her filing spike and said, "They're called flunkies, Mr. Morgan. Go find the bedmaker. Then report to the cookhouse."

SPARK CHASING is my regular summer job, but when there's no fire hazard pop makes me help in the commissary. There weren't any customers this time of day though, so I ducked out and headed across the siding for the train dispatcher's shack where Mr. Morgan stayed when he was teaching school. He wasn't there and I thought maybe he'd gone to get something for his cold. Then I saw him mooching along the catwalk that runs in front of the single men's bunkhouses.

There were fourteen beds in the end bunkhouse. The boys who worked steady for the company had theirs rigged with shelves behind and girl pictures and calendars on the wall. Skyline Bill Hillier had a double deck of shelves and a blown up photo of him tending hook on Side Seven, looking mighty big and important.

Number thirteen was the only bed not taken. Mr. Morgan hung his coat and hat behind it.

"Why aren't you bunking at the dispatcher's?" I asked him. "Why'd you sign on as a flunky? How come you're back here anyhow, Mr. Morgan?"

He took a leather shaving kit out of the suitcase and looked around for a place to put it. There wasn't any, so he dropped it on the cot. What with his big ears and bony face, he looks kind of like Fred Astaire in the movies. He smiles the same way too, crooked and slow.

"I'll deal with your questions in order," he said. "First, Nels, I came back to be a logger, not a teacher. As such I belong down here. Second, the only job open to me was as a waiter—a flunky. Third, I wish to recover my self respect." His pale blue eyes started to water and he gave a sneeze that near lifted the top off his head. Then he said, "Have I made my situation clear?"

"No," I told him. "Flunkying isn't logging and how would that make you feel different about yourself?"

"Miss Elliot raised the same point in her last letter," he said. "She considers logging a low occupation."

"She gets that from her old man," I said. "He was Camp Three timekeeper till his stomach ulcers got too much for him. There never was a timekeeper didn't hate loggers—my pop says it runs in their blood."

Mr. Morgan took a new oilskin tobacco pouch out of his pocket and started rolling a cigarette. He said, "I wasn't a success here as a teacher or an individual. Do you think you could tell me why?"

I could tell him easy enough, but I didn't like to maybe, because I'd started feeling sorry for him. Still, he'd asked me and he was waiting for an answer.

"Remember your first day in camp?" I said. "How you were walking home from school ahead of us kids when a skeleton car started to roll? You remember how you ran over and tried to set the brake?"

He wasn't doing so well with the cigarette—he'd torn the paper and lost most of his tobacco on the floor. "Yes," he said. "I remember distinctly. And painfully."

"Okay," I said. "Anyone in a logging camp can brake a car. Even the women in the married quarters can do that."

"But I couldn't," Mr. Morgan said. His voice was quiet, as if he was thinking hard. "So I lost face with my pupils at the start. Is that it?"

"Not just with the kids," I told him. "It got all over camp how the brake handle knocked you down. Skyline Bill Hillier near put his jaw out laughing when he told Kay about it that night."

"I see," Mr. Morgan said. "There were other occasions, I suppose."

"Plenty," I said. "You took too much sass in school for another thing."

The greenhorn teacher was too clumsy to sling hash so what chance did he have to make the grade as a logger?

ILLUSTRATED BY YARWOOD

"What should I have done?" Mr. Morgan asked.

"What old Miss Perkins used to do," I told him. "When we started cutting up, seat us and tan us with a switch. Then there was the Saturday night you took Kay Elliot dancing and Skyline Bill horned in on you. You ought to have asked him outside. He'd have licked you, but no one would have thought worse of you."

"I see," Mr. Morgan said again, slow and thoughtful. "Thank you, Nels. You've confirmed what I already suspected. I'll ask you one more question. Do you think I can redeem myself?"

"Not by flunkying you can't," I said.

He unbuckled his new packsack and hauled out a pair of calked boots. They were new like all his rigging, with twelve-inch tops and fancy fake tongues and the soles had the longest calks I ever did see. Long calks are fine on the booms down at tidewater but in the woods they'll break a man's neck; they pick up bark chunks and are worse than no calks at all.

But the way Mr. Morgan was smiling at me I didn't have the heart to tell him so. I just said, "You won't have much use for boots in the cookhouse."

"If I intended to stay in the cookhouse," he said, "I wouldn't have spent twenty-five dollars on these."

"No," I said. "I guess not." It was hard not to like the dude. I said, "I remember one flunky we had here. He was always dropping things. One day he dropped a platter of eggs at breakfast and poured a dish of hot stewed rhubarb over a trainman's head at dinner. Next morning he was working on the steel gang."

Mr. Morgan chewed on that for a minute. Then he said, "I'll remember that, Nels. Unethical but effective."

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He lasted almost a week this time. Then a handcar got loose from him.

Kay said, "Surely you could have taken a job with more dignity."

ouis at work: "Women are beautiful if they have beautiful hair."

A woman goes at her hair with faith . . . but not much sense.

He Gets In Women's Hair

PHOTOS BY RICE AND BELL

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

IN AN emancipated world crammed with lady truck drivers, lady riveters and lady sergeants-major—not to mention lawyers who sport the New Look and doctors who wear bangs—it is encouraging that in one profession at least, Man seems to be holding his own. Arbiters of Men's Rights see hope in the evidence that—while only two out of every 15 hairdressers are men—a high percentage of all women want their coiffure coifed by male fingers alone.

True, men *have* been known to leave their charges simmering in the drier when the five o'clock whistle blows—to be released looking like a boiled lobster by the night watchman—and maybe they are a teeny bit more temperamental. But the accomplished male hairdresser is an artist and there is a growing suspicion that women find in him a welcome antidote for husbands whose idea of turning on the charm is to go over the afternoon's ball game, tip foul to triple play.

Louis Simpson, male hairdresser, is such a man.

He has in his own somewhat erratic way, helped bring the art of hairdressing to a new peak. And a sizeable proportion of the clients who enter the posh, pastel-tinted salon of Elizabeth Arden on the sixth floor of Simpson's department store in Toronto won't let anybody but Louis touch their hair.

Louis is a brisk, decisive, balding man with the build of a retired middleweight, who has followed the hairdressing profession—with one notable departure—all his life. He has become one of the leading hair stylists of the continent and has the artist's approach to his work. As he works, he glances frequently at his client in the mirror and shifts around his chair as if he were refereeing a basketball game; otherwise his manner is as unspectacular as a dentist peering into a cavity. He has none of the affectations usually associated with the hair stylist, but he has a faculty for mixing his pin curls, shampoos and permanents with horseplay, Continental manners, light opera, good advice and a peculiar brand of joke that keeps his clients aquiver with apprehension, but always has a lily pure ending. He is affable, attentive, traveled and full of beans.

On the other hand, he expects a show of life from his clients. It helps if they toss back a phrase or two in French, German or Italian, or hum an occasional duet with him, but they don't have to just so long as they don't take themselves, life or Louis too seriously. Now and then, when a woman acts particularly dull, he makes sure he doesn't get her again by murmuring a lot of hair raising tripe in her ear.

One time, stuck with a silly girl who yattity-yattity yattity in time to his scissors about her job, her boy friend and her fatal popularity, he whispered emotionally that since first seeing her he had been struggling unsuccessfully with a reckless passion, that he wanted to take her away with him to some mad place in Europe. The girl, never having run up against anything more rugged than a few cracks over a juke box, was flattered but slightly winded. She stalled for time. Well—what would they do for money?

"My dear," Louis croaked, "I wasn't always a hairdresser. People get careless with their jewels."

Louis didn't see the girl again.

"I Take Fits!"

ANOTHER time, when a plump, fortyish and lightheaded blonde demanded a coiffure that would have been about the worst thing that could have happened to her, then proceeded to tell Louis what a prominent socialite she was, he managed to edge into the monologue long enough to tell her that he was subject to fits, assuring her, however, that he always gave plenty of warning by snipping his scissors in increasing tempo. From then on, the blonde nearly turned cross-eyed trying to keep the scissors in view. When Louis was through, she assured him hastily that her hair-do was just what she wanted and left in a hurry.

Louis is in his late 40's but would pass for 35. Although he usually addresses his clients in a painstakingly cultivated "Continental" accent, he was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, of working-class parents. Every day, on his way to school, he used to pass a salon that devoted part of its window to historical coiffures. Louis gazed at these displays every day, making a pretty fair window display himself, for he was a handsome lad with a great shock of corn-colored hair. One day the owner stepped out of the shop and asked him his name and where he lived. Louis told him, a bit uneasily, not knowing just what he was in for. That night, the proprietor visited Louis' house, spoke at length to his father and Louis was told that he would leave school and begin his apprenticeship as a hairdresser the next day.

He was then 13. The next two years, for 10½ hours a day, he worked over a wooden deal table in the whitewashed basement of the salon, making up frisettes and pads, pin curls, wigs, transformations and generally learning the feel of hair and waiting for his first chance to get a whack at one of the customers whose voices he could hear mingling with the unctuous tones of the hair stylists upstairs.

He still tells of the time he was brought upstairs to look after his first "lady." She wanted a transformation—an easy job

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Meet a male coiffure artist: Louis Simpson had to invent an accent and turn a victim's hair blue before he qualified

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Here Is My Heart

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one is tougher. I never was the best student in the world and after four years away ..." Kelly shook his head.

"How old are you, Kelly?" asked Brock.

"I'm 24 now. I'm an old man, Brock," he said.

Brock nodded toward the door. "She doesn't think so."

"Let's go," said Kelly, rising. "Thanks a lot, Brock. That was really a lot of help."

"Any time I can help, Kelly, let me know," he said. He put a hand on Kelly's arm. "And lieutenant, don't bear down too hard on those books."

KELLY walked quickly back to his rooming house and let himself in with his own key. The front hall of the old house had the sour smell of a cave. And it wasn't as well lit as most caves. A small bulb high in the lofty ceiling shed a greenish light over the table on which the day's mail was spread out. Kelly found a letter from his mother, shoved it in the pocket of his jacket and started up the stairs.

He paused at the second step. Somewhere in the upper reaches of the old house there was singing. A door opened and a fresh blast of singing rocketed along the corridor and then the door slammed.

Kelly mounted the steps slowly. Sounded like those freshman engineers down the hall. Weren't they having a class party tonight? As he reached the top of the stairs and was about to turn down to his room the door opened again.

"We are, we are, we are the engineers ..."

Kelly grinned as he turned and slid his hand along the railing. A peremptory young voice stopped him from behind.

"Hey, you!"

Kelly slowly turned.

A boy Kelly had seen in the halls walked slowly toward him. His tie was loosened and his shirt collar was open. His curly hair looked damp and a little dissolute.

"You speaking to me?" asked Kelly.

"You're an engineer, aren't you?" asked the boy. "Well, come on down to the room. That's where you belong. Come on down," he said, indicating the room with the singing by an extravagant sweeping gesture.

"Sorry," said Kelly. "Got to crack a book."

The boy walked up to Kelly.

"Now look here," he said curtly. "That's not good enough. We're engineers, aren't we? Well, come on down and join the party."

He put his hand on Kelly's sleeve. Kelly shrugged it off.

"I don't want to be unneighborly, Joe, but I'm not coming down. I'll be seeing you," said Kelly.

The youngster made a lunge at Kelly as he turned to leave and spun him around.

"We'll be seeing you right now, general. So we're not good enough to associate with just because we didn't hit the beach with the old umpty-ump division, eh?" he shouted.

Kelly pushed the boy in the chest and stepped back.

"I'm not drinking with you. Get that through your head and keep your hands to yourself or you'll have a fight on them," he said angrily.

The singing stopped suddenly and the door of the room down the hall opened. A boy walked quickly up the hall and took the other by the arm.

"Come on back, George. The guy doesn't want to drink with us so just come back." He looked over his shoulder at Kelly and grinned. "Sorry, Mac, but my friend is a little high."

"That's all right," said Kelly, and walked slowly down to his room. Just as he opened the door he could hear a loud protesting voice saying, "Yeah, so what? Those veterans with their high and mighty airs trying to make us look like children give me a pain."

Kelly sat at his desk for a long time with a book open before him. Why didn't people just leave him alone? First Gwen Parkinson trying to cheer him up, then this girl Catherine Roberts trying to—well, whatever she was trying to do. And Brock giving him solemn advice and now this kid accusing him of acting like a professional veteran. Couldn't they understand that he wanted to be left alone so he could pass some exams and get a job and get some kind of career started? He was behind time now and any diversion was going to put him still further behind.

Why did people put him in the position where he had to act like a prig or a heel to explain this to them? Like Catherine. He had been pretty rough with her all right. But what the hell—this was his life he was trying to shape. He lunged savagely at the book. Let them stand well back and take care of themselves — Mercer was coming through.

But it didn't go so well. At ten-thirty he pulled on his jacket and went out. He'd have a cup of coffee at the White Lunch and go for a walk. Maybe he'd feel more like working when he got back.

THE White Lunch was crowded with students having their evening coffee. Kelly sat down at the counter and ordered a cup. While he was waiting he looked down the long narrow room. At the back of the restaurant there was a good deal of loud talk and shouting—probably the windup of that class dinner.

Kelly stirred his coffee. When someone sat on the stool next to him he pulled in his elbow to make room for the newcomer. As he took his first sip he looked over the rim of his cup. Catherine was sitting beside him with her hands folded lightly in her lap. What was this? He put the thick white cup down heavily.

"Well," he said.

"I thought you might be here," she said.

He rubbed his hand hard over his hair and looked for a moment at the pyramid of soft drink bottles behind the counter. He sighed deeply.

"Coffee?" he asked her in a flat voice.

She nodded. Then after he had ordered she said quickly, "I suppose you think I haven't much pride pestering you like this."

"Catherine," said Kelly wearily, "I haven't thought about it. I'm sorry I ignored you at dinner tonight but there was some stuff I had to get from that guy. I'm not a boor—not a complete one anyway. It's just that I'm kind—of—busy."

He said the last three words slowly, accenting each one with a little chop of his hand. When he looked up he saw the boy with whom he had argued earlier in the evening approaching. He hailed Kelly loudly and derisively.

"Well, if it isn't the general. The general and a pretty girl." He gave a half-crooked grin. "Able to get away from the books for this, eh?" He put one friendly arm around Kelly's shoulder, the other around Catherine's. He spoke to Catherine with his head close to hers.

"Has he come to that part yet where he tells you 'There I was, ten thousand feet over Berlin, nothing on the clock, flying upside down ...'"

Kelly stood up quickly. He grabbed the boy by the slack of his shirt front with his left hand and cocked his right.

"Listen, Buster, I've had just about all I want from you today. Now get out before I hit you in the mouth."

Someone moved in between them and the boy left with his friends. When Kelly looked around Catherine was paying her check at the cashier's desk. He joined her and they walked out together. He still felt hot and jumpy with anger.

"He didn't mean anything wrong," said Catherine.

"I know, I know," said Kelly, his voice hard. "I'm a heel. I should have slapped my thigh and laughed and laughed."

"It would have been better than what you did," she said.

Catherine turned up Fairlawn and Kelly walked beside her. He shrugged his shoulders. His jacket felt tight and clammy.

"Well, maybe after this display of mine you'll go away and stop bothering me," he said through hard lips.

"Yes, I'll stop bothering you. I tried to tell you back there ..." her voice trailed off.

"I know I sound selfish, but—Catherine, I can't take a chance on missing everything I've hoped for and planned for years," he said.

"Here's where I live," said Catherine, stopping before one of the identically hideous high red brick houses that lined Fairlawn Street. She put out her hand.

"I hope you become a great engineer, Kelly."

And she was gone up the walk to the dark forbidding door of the rooming house. Kelly started to speak but he wasn't sure she had heard him. He spoke again. "But Catherine ..."

He walked home slowly along the dark and empty street.

The next night he walked back to the high red brick house where she lived. He wanted to see her again and tell her—just what did he want to tell her, he asked himself? That he was sorry she was lonely and that she loved him? She would be glad to hear that. Did he want to tell her ... ? No, he said as he turned away from the door without knocking. This is the way you wanted it. Leave it that way. She'll get over it and you'll get down to work.

But he didn't get down to work. In the week that followed he spent hours staring into space. He found himself looking for her every time he turned a corner on the campus, every time he went into the White Lunch.

ON FRIDAY evening he met Brock Sheppard in the White Lunch having his dinner.

"It's still tough, Brock," Kelly told him. "I'm pretty fair on the practical stuff but the theory throws me. I'm not a student, I guess. The math and physics—all that stuff is very hard going."

"Come around some night and I'll give you a hand. Maybe I can help." Brock stopped and grinned. "Or are you still going it alone?"

Kelly nodded.

"Something like that, I guess. Perhaps I'm carrying it pretty far because I should have some tutoring, but that's how it is."

Brock nodded.

"By the way, I saw that friend of yours—Miss Roberts—the other day in the admin building. She wants me to let her know how you get along with your year. She gave me her address. I'm to write to her. I suppose you know she's leaving school this week.

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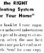

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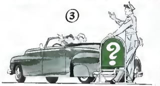

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and. In fact, I believe she was leaving at noon today."

Kelly dropped his fork.

"Leaving school! Her exams aren't for another month and a half! Is she sick?"

"She doesn't look too well, but I don't think that's it. She just said she was going home."

"But that means she loses her year—everything," said Kelly.

"Well, that's what she said anyway," said Brock rising. "Be seeing you."

Kelly was staring at his plate. He looked up.

"Look, let me have that address, will you?"

"Sure, here it is," said Brock reaching for a notebook. "Parmenter. It's a little town. No street address, just Parmenter. It's that kind of place. I've driven through it."

"Thanks," said Kelly and he pushed his plate away and reached for his jacket.

That night Kelly didn't even try to study. He stacked his books in one pile and wrote a letter which he promptly tore up.

Then he went down to the phone and found out what time buses went to Parmenter on Saturday morning.

He arrived at what seemed to be nothing more than four corners on the highway a little after ten o'clock.

"This is Parmenter, son; there isn't any more," said the driver when Kelly hesitated at the bottom step.

The only other passenger for Parmenter was an elderly woman.

"Catherine Roberts? In the Roberts house, of course. That's where you'll find her. That's the big white one up the highway," she said with surprise in her voice.

Catherine answered his knock.

"Why Kelly, how nice. What are you doing in Parmenter?"

"Catherine, what's wrong?" Kelly asked quickly.

"There's nothing wrong. Come in, won't you?" she said.

"Couldn't we have a talk," he looked around the veranda, "—somewhere?"

"We'll go for a walk. Wait for me in the hall while I get a jacket. You'll stay for lunch, won't you? I'll tell Mother," said Catherine, leaving him in the hall as she disappeared toward the back of the house.

Kelly could hear her talking to someone in what seemed to be the kitchen. The hall was rich with the buttery sweetness of baking from the kitchen and the first smell of spring stealing through the open front door.

When Catherine came back he noticed for the first time that she was wearing green slacks and a green sweater, a nice dark green, with a yellow jacket over the sweater. The guy who dreamed up those slacks must have been thinking of Catherine when he designed them, thought Kelly.

THEY walked along the highway for a short distance where the new grass was making bright epaulettes on the shoulder of the road.

"Let's take this path," said Catherine, leading the way through a gate into a field. "It's all right, it's part of our farm."

"You haven't told me why you did it—why you threw over your whole year, your degree. I never did know what course you were taking, and left school just before the exams. If I was the reason—"

"You weren't the reason," said Catherine looking across the fields as they slowly followed the path.

"Are you sure you're not sick?"

"No."

"Did you run out of money?"

"No."

Kelly stopped.

"Well then, if everything's all right I guess I'll start back. I've got no business butting in like this. But I was worried," said Kelly turning.

"That was sweet of you to be worried, Kelly." Catherine's chin was high. "It was sweet of you to cut your classes and everything to come up and see how I was. But I'm fine ... really ... I'm fine." She paused, then added, "How are you, Kelly?"

He turned and faced her.

"Terrible."

"So am I," said Catherine a little breathlessly.

That time there was no savage hunger in Kelly's kiss. It was slow and deep and wonderful, the feeling he had as his arms went around her slim body. In the circle of his arms Kelly felt he held all he had wanted, all he had fought so hard against admitting he needed.

"Somehow being an engineer isn't nearly as important as it was a week ago, Catherine. I could get a job and we could ..." said Kelly with a deep sigh.

"You've got a job, Kelly. You're going to be an engineer—a good engineer. I've got it all figured out," she said.

He took her hand in his. He shook his head. She just didn't understand, poor Catherine. She didn't understand yet.

"I know I would be a good engineer once I got out on the job, but those books ..."

He shook his head again.

"I didn't tell you why I left school and came home," said Catherine. "I left because I've been working on my master's degree and I've done all the lab work and I came home to write my thesis."

"Lab work?" said Kelly. "Don't tell me you're an engineer?"

"Not quite—I'm a physicist," said Catherine lowering her eyes.

Kelly scrubbed his hand hard across his hair with a characteristic gesture.

He looked across at a Guernsey heifer which had moved up to investigate.

"How wrong can a guy be?" he asked the heifer.

Catherine was at his side.

"That's not it at all, Kelly. How right can two people be? Come on, let's find out," she said, taking his big hand in her small one.

They stood once again in the front hall with that fragrance all around them.

"Mother," Catherine called.

Mrs. Roberts' voice answered lightly and happily from upstairs. Catherine stood on the bottom step with one arm around the newel post. Her words were for her mother, but her smile and the love in her eyes were all for Kelly.

"Mother, will you come down right away and meet Kelly. He's a very important person. And Mother, where did you put all my second year science books? We've got a lot of work to do this week-end!" ★

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All Right, Flatfoot

Continued from page 13

ell right like this," Karl said.

"Come on, take it off, be one of us," Willie said and he himself took the coat from Karl. Then he opened a box of cigars and took a bottle from his bag. For his friends he poured generous drinks but for Karl he poured a very small one which hardly colored the water with which he filled the glass and he whispered sympathetically, "Nurse it along, Karl, as a favor to me. I don't want your uncle bending my ear about getting you into bad habits."

Advice of this kind might have offended Karl if Willie hadn't offered it so intimately, or if he hadn't had such a comradely touch which made Karl want to please him.

Willie hadn't poured himself a drink. In fact he drank nothing until the girl he had been waiting for, a girl with thick shining hair in a black dress who had a good-natured smile and a beautiful figure, came in with a bottle of special imported Scotch which was Willie's favorite drink. This girl was the secretary of one of the directors of the Gardens and she knew a lot about fight managers and promoters.

FOR ten minutes Willie was wonderfully considerate of her and his friends smiled and winked at each other and watched him intently.

"You know," said Pierre, "I still figure Willie was right in betting on my boy. It was a sucker punch that got the kid."

"It was a sucker punch all right from where I was sitting," Karl said and they argued about the fight.

"What business are you in, Mr. Stone?" Karl asked suddenly.

"Mr. Stone! What's this Mr. Stone stuff, Karl?"

"Well ... Solly."

"That's better," Willie said. "And as for Solly, he's got a hundred and fifty thousand salted away."

"How did you make it, Solly?"

"That's easy," Solly said softly with a bland grin. "You see, Karl, when I was twenty I was a fighter. And in New York I won sixteen straight fights."

"For which he got three dollars and twenty cents apiece," Willie jeered.

"No, four dollars and eighty cents," Solly chuckled. They were all laughing heartily and didn't hear the knock on the door. At the second knock Solly said, "The house dick for sure."

"Let me handle this," Willie said with real enjoyment.

When he opened the door they could see the two tall grey-haired detectives peering into the room. Blocking the door with his huge body Willie said quietly, "Why, you're my boys, come on in and have a quick one."

"No thanks, no thanks, Mr. Bristow." The detectives answered with false smiles and deprecating gestures. "You're making a little too much noise. Other people on the floor complain when they want to sleep and, well, you know ..."

"Sure," Willie said and he walked out to the hall with them. When he returned he said with a shrug, "Flatfeet are all right, only you got to take a little interest in them. What were we saying, guys?"

Then they began a beautiful conversation about who was the most stylish fighter they had ever seen. It was the kind of conversation Karl wanted to hear, wise and salty, the language having a strange rich color, and his young face was full of eagerness. He felt happy. His one drink had warmed him; he began to dream of being in faraway cities with Willie Bristow and having a share of his exciting life.

He found himself talking positively about fighters he had never seen and his opinion was respected because he was a friend of Willie's. First they talked about Benny Leonard, then about Kid Chocolate. "Chocolate, yeah, Chocolate, the sweetest piece of fighting machinery I ever saw," Willie said. Solly and Pierre pleaded for a hearing, each longed to tell about the last time he had seen Chocolate in the ring. And their voices rose, they laughed happily, they threw their arms around each other's shoulders, each one trying to offer some splendid illumination about the perfection of the great Negro fighter's style.

"This is wonderful — wonderful," Karl thought, grinning gratefully at Willie, who was sitting on the edge of his chair, the collar of his expensive sport shirt pulled open, his bright expensive silk tie swinging across the shirt every time he jerked his head back and laughed hilariously. Maybe his wisecracks weren't very funny, but at that hour in a hotel room men who like each other and who have had a few drinks find all the cynical sallies uproariously funny, and anyway Willie was only relaxing and clowning to amuse them.

KARL forgot all about the time until someone knocked on the door, then he looked at his wrist watch. It was two-thirty. "The house dick again, I suppose," Willie said and he chuckled to himself. On his way to the door he switched off the light, then he opened the door and there was the tall hollow-cheeked grey-haired detective standing in the lighted hall blinking his eyes in surprise.

Willie stepped out and closed the door quickly, leaving them in darkness. Before anyone could get up and turn on the light he had opened the door again, turned the light on himself and was leading the thin detective in.

"Karl," he said, "pour this guy a real hooker. I can tell a man with an awful thirst."

"Okay, boys," the detective whispered, a guilty apologetic smile on his face. "Only keep the noise down, eh! Let's keep it quiet."

"Here you are, colonel," Willie said affably as he handed him the drink Karl had poured. "Get this into that parched gullet, then take your coat off."

"Well, just one," the house detective said, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"A guy like you, an old-timer, looks as if he might have an opinion on a great fighter," Willie said.

"Now that's a funny thing, Mr. Bristow," the detective said. "I was a battalion champion in the first great war."

"Drink to the battalion champion, gentlemen," Willie commanded. As they all raised their glasses he went on, "These boys think Kid Chocolate was the nicest looking fighter they ever saw. Did you ever see him?"

"That I did," the battalion champion said enthusiastically, "and right here in this town about fifteen years ago." With a quick smile he added in a pleading tone, "Keep the voices down, eh boys."

"We want to know what you thought of Chocolate," Willie said in a guttural whisper.

"For my money," the detective whispered with a solemn glance at the glass which he had emptied in one splendid gulp, "Chocolate was the real fancy dan. A great artist."

"I knew it, he's one of us," Willie cried in admiration. "Fill up his glass, Karl."

And again they began to talk eagerly about Chocolate's great fights, about his ability to deliver a straight punch from any angle and the detective's eyes began to glow. He felt happy and free. His opinions were being treated with respect and when he made a joke there was a burst of hearty laughter. And soon they were making more noise than they had made all evening.

"There's just one thing I can't understand," Willie said suddenly as he sat down on the bed beside the detective and put his arm on his shoulder. "How did a fine guy like you ever become a snooper?"

"Well, you know how it is," the detective began awkwardly.

"Go on, tell me why."

"I don't know," he said, fumbling for words. In his deep apologetic embarrassment he looked almost innocent. "It's a living, see. I've been at it ten years. I've got a wife and two kids. A married man has to have steady work, eh? It's something you get used to. Some guys look for trouble. I mean, well, it's not so bad."

He was trying to explain that he was really a man like them who was truly himself when he was relaxed, carefree and happy. The fumbling apology had moved Karl, who suddenly felt happy when he saw Willie, Pierre and Solly nod gravely to each other. The flushed face of the detective suddenly lit up. He relaxed again, took another drink, his eyes shone and he started to sing softly, "By Killarney's lakes and dells ..."

"The man's got a voice too," Willie cried.

"A real baritone," Solly said enthusiastically.

"If only there was a tenor here," the detective sighed.

"I'll be the tenor," Karl said. So they did "Killarney" with dignity and restraint, then swung easily into "Annie Laurie."

In the happiness of the song and the noisy enthusiasm of the applause, the detective forgot where he was; he forgot about his job and the lateness of the hour.

KARL, turning, looked at Willie Bristow with wondering admiration, for it was Willie who with his magical assurance had touched this man and drawn him in among them and offered him the dignity of a share in their warm companionship. An irritable man who didn't know how to get along with people would have been intimidated by the detective's knock on the door and would have let him spoil the evening. Not Willie.

The detective, liking Karl's happy smile, had backed him into a corner and was telling how his father had taught him to use his fists and how he had dreamed in his youth of being the world's light heavyweight champion. The detective had a very good memory of his youth and his eyes had softened.

Over by the window Willie and Solly Stone were having a serious conversation, keeping their voices low. A puff of wind from the open window blew the light curtain across Willie's face and he frowned and twisted his head and brushed it away and leaned closer to Solly. Pierre, who had been talking casually to the girl, turned away and stood behind the detective, listening and puffing methodically on his cigar. Suddenly he blew a great cloud of smoke at the back of the detective's neck and grinned in derision when the detective began to cough.

Some little memory of his youth struck the detective as being so good, so amusing that he wanted Willie too to hear it, and he went over to him and tapped him on the shoulder. "Listen to this, Willie," he said with a strange innocent smile. Willie frowned and waved him away impatiently. "This is good, Willie," the detective pleaded. "You'll like this. I want you to hear it," and he rested his hand on Willie's shoulder.

"I'm talking myself," Willie said abruptly.

"Sure. Go ahead," the detective said, drawing a chair up.

The intrusion annoyed Willie, who looked at the smiling detective steadily for a moment.

"You've finished that drink, eh, soldier?" he said calmly.

"That I have," the detective agreed with a deprecating chuckle as he held out the glass thinking Willie was going to fill it again. "And it's first-class stuff too."

"All right then, flatfoot," Willie said crisply. "You've had a couple of drinks. That's your pay-off. Now get out of here and don't bother us any more."

"Eh?" the detective whispered in a bewildered tone. He seemed to be trying to believe that they were kidding him. Then his eyes looked stricken, for Willie was waiting with an assured hard smile, and the detective's eyes shifted and he drooped and he looked around as if he wanted to hide himself furtively, but there was no place to hide himself and he became obsequious and muttered, "Yes, sir," and walked quickly to the door. "Thanks, gentlemen, for the drinks," he said in a tone of some dignity, but he did not look back.

"Nice work, Willie," Solly said, grinning in admiration. "I wondered how long you were going to put up with that crumb."

"Yes, Willie," Pierre agreed with a meditative air. "Easing him out might have been difficult."

"Him! Don't worry," Willie said contemptuously. "I know how to handle these flatfeet. He knows where his ears have been pinned back."

"But, but ..." Karl began.

"But what, Karl?"

"I don't know," Karl said unhappily. He was struggling against a terrible disappointment in Willie. "He was letting himself go and feeling happy ..."

His own face began to burn for he could still see the detective's hurt eyes and now it seemed as if he himself had been chastened and humiliated. Even if the detective was the despised enemy of all easygoing men and women who sat up late in hotel rooms, the fact was that Willie had invited him in when he was thirsty and had made him feel at home. And any man, no matter who he was, should be allowed to keep his little dignity. "I guess I got to like the guy a little," he said awkwardly as he shifted from one foot to another.

"You'll get wise to those guys later on, Karl," Willie said casually. "I've handled dozens of them. I know how to handcuff them."

"Yes, I guess you do."

"I'm going to take you out with us now, Karl, and buy you some first-class Chinese food. I know the place to get it. I want to have a real talk with you, Karl."

"It's getting late," Karl said and he was standing up slowly.

"Oh, nonsense, Karl. This is your night."

"No, I have to go," Karl said with surprising firmness, for as his eyes dwelt on Willie's big, red, friendly smiling face he felt himself pulling away from him in sudden fear, believing that just as Willie had handled the detective, Solly and Pierre, he was now ready to handle him too.

And he wanted to get away fast before Willie could implant in him that shrewd understanding of people which left no one with any dignity. ★

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Don't Call Me Mister

Continued from page 19

There was one other thing I wanted to find out. "Look," I said, "did you really get took at blackjack on the boat and come ashore with a hang-over?"

"The word is taken," he told me.

I said, "If you're fixing to be a logger the word is took."

"I stand corrected again," he said. "I was took. Do one thing for me, will you, Nels?"

"Maybe," I said.

"My name is Jim. Don't call me mister."

"When people start calling you by your first name," I said, "you'll know you've made the grade, Mr. Morgan!"

NEXT DAY pop sent me back to spark chasing on Side Seven, where Skyline Bill Hilber tends hook. It was the kind of logging Bill likes—big stuff, mostly fir, and he could keep the logs coming in to the skeleton cars at a highball clip. Skyline Bill is a big, solid dude with curly red hair and a gold front tooth that shows most of the time in a grin.

He razzed me all the way out on the speeder about being just a fair weather logger. But when the signalman threw his gloves away that afternoon and lit out for camp squawking about speed-up, Bill sent me in to blow whistles for the crew and I got over being sore at him.

I was signalling on a stump with the electric whistle bug in my fist when Skyline Bill flipped his gloves for a "slap." I shot the signal to the engineer on the donkey and he slacked the lines. Bill and a couple of his chokermen started running. I looked where they were headed and there was Mr. Morgan picking himself out of the brush.

The seat was ripped out of his new blue denims and I could see he was wearing those brogans with the over-size calks. Bill marched him up to my stump.

"Keep an eye on him, kid," Bill told me. "Don't for Pete's sakes let him out of your shadow." He flashed his gold tooth in a grin and stared at Mr. Morgan. "Schoolmarm," he said, "the last dude tried that went south in a box. You'd better stick to peelin' spuds in the cookhouse—it's safer!"

I waited till Bill had gone, then I asked Mr. Morgan, "What kind of fix did you run yourself into this time?"

He gave me a quickly smile. "It was nothing really," he said. "One of the wire ropes began to move as I was climbing over it."

"The word is lines, not ropes," I told him, wondering how anyone could be that much of a stump rancher and stay alive. "And if Bill hadn't stopped the turn that line would have tossed you higher than a kite."

Things get around fast in a camp. By dinnertime everyone knew how Mr. Morgan had sashayed out while he was off duty to watch Side Seven logging and got the seat snagged out of his pants by the haulback. The boys ribbed him plenty but he kept the smile pasted on his face while he sloshed around in his white apron with grub from the kitchen.

He spilled a jug of milk that meal. I tried to catch his eye but he was mopping up the mess with his apron. When he straightened he looked so innocent you'd have sworn it was just an accident.

He really did me proud next morning—tripped over his feet with a coffeepot in each hand. At suppertime he dropped a dish of peaches into Skyline Bill's lap and knocked another jug of milk off the table as he grabbed for the dish. I noticed the cook watching him from the kitchen doorway with his white hat tipped back. The cook was muttering to himself about one more time, I figured, and the schoolmarm would be a cinch for the steel gang.

He wasn't waiting on table next evening. I gobbled my supper and scooted off to his bunkhouse. He was all by himself there, sitting on his cot.

"It worked, eh?" I said, feeling pretty pleased with myself. Then I noticed he was packing his suitcase.

"Worked?" Mr. Morgan said. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"You've stumble-footed yourself out of the cookhouse," I said.

"And out of a job," he told me. "I've been fired, Nels. I'm leaving on tonight's steamer."

I'd never once thought things would take that turn, even if he had been laying it on sort of thick.

"I guess maybe you overdid it," I said, not feeling quite so smart.

"Overdid it?" He sounded puzzled. "I assure you it was a sheer accident."

"What was?" I asked him, just as puzzled as he was by this time.

"My dropping half a pig on the cook's head while we were unloading the—uh—mulligan car."

"Those other things that happened to you," I said. "Were they all accidents too?"

"Of course," he said. "Your advice was well meant, Nels, but I couldn't bring myself to take it."

"You didn't need it," I told him. "I can see that now, Mr. Morgan!"

I still thought I might be able to fix things. My mother is real fond of Kay Elliot. She says Kay is the most ladylike girl in camp and I figured if Kay asked her, ma would go to work on pop and coax him to give Mr. Morgan another chance. But Kay wouldn't even talk about him and when the speeder headed down from the beach Mr. Morgan was on her.

You can bet Skyline Bill Hilber was on hand to see him leave. I guess the last thing Mr. Morgan heard was Bill braying at him from the porch of the timekeeper's shack.

ANYBODY would swear Skyline Bill was getting paid by the board foot, the way he lit into his job. Pop is all the time saying we'll be scraping Bill out of the slash some day, but speed-crazy or not, he's still the best hooker on our claim. He'd got a new signalman so he shooed me back to chasing sparks and we were so busy I didn't have time to even think about the schoolmarm.

Monday noon Bill sent me over to the spring by Branch Three for drinking water. I'd filled one of the new canvas bags and was starting on the other when the brush crackled behind me and someone said, "Hello, Nels."

I twisted around. Even when I saw those outsize calk boots and him standing in them, I couldn't quite believe it.

"For Pete's sake!" I said. "What the heck are you doing back here?"

"At the moment," Mr. Morgan said, "I'm employed on the steel gang, helping lay a new railway spur."

"But you were sent down," I said.

"That was my understanding too," he said, "but the day after I reached the city I was recalled." He gave me his pleasant, slow grin and said, "So here I am again and I must say I regard the job as a promotion."

"Well," I said, "you sure can take it. I hope your luck is better this time, Mr. Morgan."

I finished filling the water bag. When I pulled out he was slopping water into a bucket. I was glad I'd got there first—the steel gang was going to have plenty of mud with their coffee.

It didn't make sense to me and pop couldn't dope it out either. He

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At the Sign of the Big B-A Quality is Assured!

Experienced farmers know that you can always depend on constant quality and friendly service at the Sign of the Big B-A.

Trucks that bring your produce to market stand the heavy going longer when operators reduce costly repairs with dependable B-A products.

On farms all over Canada, motors and machines do their work smoothly and steadily because careful owners use B-A products regularly.

In every community B-A provides dependable service and quality in petroleum products and rugged long-wearing Tires.

Quality is Assured at the Sign of the Big B-A. No gasoline, oil or grease leaves our plant until veteran petroleum experts are sure that it is the best and most dependable you can buy. Today thousands of satisfied customers will tell you that it pays to buy at the Sign of the Big B-A.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED

Millions prefer it!

SO DIFFERENT, SO DELICIOUS...IT'S

THE ONE AND ONLY

Miracle Whip

Salads are nicer with guests when they're served with Miracle Whip—because Miracle Whip Salad Dressing has a lively, just-right flavor you get nowhere else. Its exclusive recipe combines the qualities of zesty boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise.

Frequent shipments of Miracle Whip are going to food dealers. But of course this famous salad dressing doesn't linger on the shelves. Far more people want it than any other kind!

ASPARAGUS, TOMATO AND EGG SALAD *For each serving place a thick slice of tomato on lettuce. Arrange cooked asparagus tips on tomato. Halve hard-cooked eggs [illegible] lengthwise [illegible]. Press yolks through sieve [illegible] with Miracle Whip. Fill whites [illegible] paste. Place eggs on [illegible] with asparagus [illegible] salads. Serve with Miracle Whip.*

Continued from page 28

grumbled about what'd happen if he pushed a camp the way those numbskulls ran the hiring agency, but he let Mr. Morgan stay on.

He lasted almost a week this time. Then a handcar got loose from him and banged down the spur till she hopped the tracks and made the powder monkey's horse run away with five cases of explosives blasting on the sled. That was after Mr. Morgan had already nearly derailed our Four-Spot locomotive by leaving a switch open and dropped a sledge on the steel gang straw boss' foot.

Skyline Bill Hilber thought it was the best joke he'd run into for a coon's age. He even argued with pop to keep Mr. Morgan around just for laughs but pop wasn't in any joking mood.

"Can't do it, Bill," he said and frowned down at the grade. "That long-eared stump rancher has ten toes on each foot and the Lord must have rigged him with his hands turned backwards. He's worse to have around than all the plagues of Egypt."

He slapped his gloves a couple of times on his leg the way he does when he has to say something he doesn't much want to. Then he said, "Bill, you know I let a man do his job as best he can. But I've been thinking you ought to take yours a mite easier. Way you've been cracking the whip on Side Seven, men will soon be thinking twice before they sign for Salmon River. It does a camp no good to get that sort of reputation."

"Sure," Bill told him. "I'll ease up on em, Bergman, if you want it that way."

He didn't, though. I think in spite of what pop had told him he still thought the best way to get ahead was to make the logs go faster than any other hook tender in the country. The very next day two of his chokermen hauled off their gloves and beat it down the grade.

That night I went down to watch the Loggers' Hearse come in. There was Mr. Morgan stumbling over his feet down the gangplank. This time darn if the agency hadn't sent him up as a chokerman!

If pop had been there he'd have chased Mr. Morgan right back onto the steamer. As it was, pop didn't even know he was on the claim till after breakfast next morning when Kay Elliot had already made out a new time sheet for him.

What with Side Seven being short-handed again, pop was fit to blow his safety valve anyway. He said short and sharp to Skyline Bill Hilber, "If those pen pushers wish him off on me once more, so help me, I'll go down myself and beat their skulls in with a chair leg. But since he's here, I guess we have to let him work out his fare. Bill, I'm making you a present of him. Take him away."

Bill started to holler, but pop just said, "When I warn a man about speed up I expect him to heed me. Anyway, you like a joke, so here's one for you."

He tramped back toward the office chewing on his big, cornsilk-colored mustache and looking happier than he had since those Side Seven chokermen walked off. As the speeder started up I saw Kay Elliot watching us from the timekeeper's shack. She was wearing new green slacks and it seemed to me she was smiling.

"Listen, Kid," Skyline Bill said in my ear. "I can't put the schoolmarm where he has to touch rigging. It'd be murder. How about letting him chase sparks while you shoot signals again? Even that hayfoot can't get himself hurt sitting on a stump with a bucket!"

I could tell from his voice he was mad as blazes. That wasn't so good because when Bill gets mad he's even more reckless than usual, and when a hooker takes chances on a show like we were on a lot of things can go haywire.

SKYLINE BILL kept the logs killing in from the pile so fast that my fingers got cramps from squeezing the whistle bug and by lunchtime we'd had to signal twice for more empty cars.

The pile we were yarding from was the biggest on the spur, pretty near three thousand logs in her. She was built high with a down-grade lean and I knew just by the way our old donkey engineer kept squinting at her while he drank his coffee that he didn't like the look of her any better than the rest of us did. But that was the hook tender's worry and we kept our mouths shut.

All except Mr. Morgan, who was sitting beside me with his lunch in his lap. After a while he said in his mild voice, "I don't pretend to know anything about logging, of course. But I've always understood that one can't undercut the base of a pyramid indefinitely."

The engineer lifted his nose out of his coffee. "What he means in English," he said to Skyline Bill, "is if you keep hauling logs off the face of that pile she's coming down on your fool head."

"Like the devil she is!" Bill told him.

Our rigging slinger said, "Like the devil she ain't!" He threw his coffee can into the slash and his gloves after it. "She can land on your head, mister. Not on mine!"

He started in to get his time. For a minute I thought Bill would take after him down the grade. Then he turned on Mr. Morgan and his face was near as red as his hair.

"Look," he said. "You're here for one thing. That's to chase sparks. Before you start tellin' me how to run my job, better learn to keep your feet untangled."

He jammed his hat on the back of his head and tramped off.

I could feel trouble coming right in my bones. Maybe Skyline Bill hadn't taken any heed of what Mr. Morgan said about undercutting a pyramid. All the same though, I noticed when we went back to work that he was giving his chokermen more time to get in the clear. Even at that we were blowing for empties again by three o'clock and the boys' tongues were near hanging out from the heat and the highball pace.

Away down the spur I saw sunlight flashing on the Galloping Goose's tan cab. That would be pop coming up on his rounds. Right away I started to feel better. When pop saw how Skyline Bill was throwing the rigging around he'd straighten him out soon enough.

There was someone in the speeder cab with pop, but at that distance I couldn't make out who it was. Still with my head turned I heard Bill yell "go ahead" and squeezed my whistle bug. The mainline flipped tight. There was a low, long groan from the pile. Bill shot me a "stop" and I choked the bug almost before he yelped. But the logs kept right on coming and other logs were rolling and shifting above them. From where I stood, it looked like the whole pile was fixing to let go.

There was only one quick way off that pile—along a timber stick that slanted into the slash. The chokermen were running down it. Bill crouched to the side, letting them get first into the clear. The fourth man was barely off when the timber stick rolled and tilted and the logs above spilled over.

Skyline Bill did the only thing a guy can do when he can't run and a mess of forty-foot logs are dropping on him. He jumped feet first into a hole in the pile.

The logs stopped rolling and the bark dust settled. We picked ourselves from

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YIP-PEE!

Today it's the wide prairie ... tomorrow a speedway ... or the Spanish Main ... but whatever it is, that nursery floor has to take the daily pounding.

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"Puts the Active Members of the Family on the Right Footing"

For hallways and kitchens, playrooms and bathrooms—wherever there's extra wear and tear underfoot—B.P. Asphalt Floor Tile is truly "The Floor with a Future."

THEY can tear away to their hearts' content. B.P. Floor Tile just comes back bright and sparkling for more. Tramping and scuffing won't harm it, dirt and dust can't be ground into it. Colours go right through to the back of the tile. A quick mopping keeps a B.P. floor smart as new—with all the beauty of your own original design enduring for a lifetime.

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For complete information, ask your nearest B.P. Approved Flooring Contractor (he's in the Yellow Pages of your Telephone Directory)—or write us direct: P.O. Box 6063, Montreal; P.O. Box 2876, Winnipeg.

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BUILDING PRODUCTS LIMITED

Dealers Everywhere in Canada

NEWS! BY BRENDA YORK ABOUT

YORK CANNED MEATS

Summer salad plates—tasty picnic sandwiches

Thrifty and flavourful—very popular

Hearty outdoor meals—the flavour men go for

Made from tender young pork—delicious flavour

Grand idea for summer wiener roasts or snacks

Tastes like fine home cooking—just heat and serve

A real meal for very little money

A popular choice—lunch and dinner

Two large servings of tasty wieners and baked beans

Old fashioned—mighty good

A delicacy that tickles the palate

CANADA PACKERS PRESENTS THE YORK BRAND NEW LOOK—CANADA'S FINEST CANNED MEATS IN A BRAND NEW DRESS

On this page you see fourteen selections from the FIFTY new YORK Canned Meats labels. Note the ease with which you can identify your favourite YORK brand and how easy it is to pick out the product you want. The new labels all carry the red YORK name on a white top-panel. Different colour backgrounds and true-to-life pictures make product identification quick and easy.

The YORK name means fine flavour and fine quality guaranteed by Canada's largest meat packers.

Brenda York

CANADA
PACKERS
LIMITED

Continued from page 30

behind the stumps and wherever else we'd dived for shelter and waited to see if Bill would come crawling out, or at least sound off to let me know he was alive. But there was only the wind in the green timber across the valley and now and then a rumble from the pile as more logs stirred.

"Well, boys," one of the chokermen said real solemn and slow, with his hat in his hand. "It's a lesson to us all. It shows what happens when a dude gets highball happy."

Mr. Morgan said, "I feel we should try to recover him."

The chokerman spat, then looked at Mr. Morgan where he stood on a down sapling, skinny and tall, with his big sunburned ears sticking out on either side of the blue bandeau he'd tied around his hair.

"Okay, schoolmarm," the chokerman said. "You recover him."

That timber stick the boys had run down was standing almost on end now. Mr. Morgan climbed toward it. When he got to it, he pried the bark chunks off his boot soles, then flopped his long arms as far around the stick as they'd go and started to climb. His knees stuck out like a grasshopper's and his feet were turned edgeways and those long calks we'd laughed at took him up almost as good as a high rigger's irons. But every yard he made the pile let loose with another rumble.

He shinnied clear to the top of the stick, then squinted around.

"I see him!" he shouted down to us. "He's directly below me. I think—" But he didn't have a chance to tell us what he thought, because the timber stick made a giggly half roll and he tumbled into the hole after Skyline Bill.

I HEARD one gosh awful squeal from away down inside the pile. Right behind me, someone screamed kind of like a soprano echo. It was Kay Elliot. She'd ripped a leg out of her new green slacks running through the brush. Her eyes were round and she had both hands to her mouth and she didn't look like she was even related to our ladylike old maid timekeeper.

Pop must have brought her out with him on the speeder, because I could hear him cussing his way toward us.

"It's all my fault," Kay whispered in a shaky voice. "I'm to blame. Oh, I've killed him!"

"You?" I said. "You didn't have a thing to do with it."

"That's what you think!" Pop snapped at me. His face was red and he was all out of puff but he still had wind enough to holler, "All right! Don't stand gawking. Get a line down to them."

But before anyone could do anything there was a stir right at the base of the pile and a head poked from between the logs like a mouse's out of its hole.

"If someone will just give me a little assistance," Mr. Morgan called to us.

Pop ran over and hauled him out through the slot between the logs, then reached in again and skidded Skyline Bill through by the scruff of his neck.

"There was a tunnel of sorts among the lower logs," Mr. Morgan told us in his mild voice. "I was able to drag him along it. ... Why, Miss Elliot! I didn't expect to see you here."

"You're all right, Jim?" she asked him, quavery and anxious. "You aren't hurt?"

"Of course not," he told her and limped over and patted her shoulder. "Minor contusions and a sprained thumb only, my dear."

The pile gave another long groan. More logs spilled off the top. The whole shebang seemed to settle and I saw the gap pop had dragged them through close so you couldn't have slid a sheet of paper between the sticks.

"Some fools are born lucky," pop said and wiped the sweat off his forehead.

Skyline Bill was groaning too, where they'd laid him on the ground. He had a lump on his head and he'd lost his gold front teeth, but he didn't look to be hurt except for that. But he kept saying, "Not on my back, boys ... not on my back. Roll me over!"

"You keep still till the doc gets here," pop told him.

"I can't," Bill said between groans. "That farmer landed on me from twenty feet up. He countersunk them widow makin' calks of his in my seat!"

Pop told the chokermen, "Turn him over." He told Bill, "You've been needing a set of calks planted there for quite some time. I call it a judgment on you."

Mr. Morgan was patting Kay's back now and she was crying against his shoulder. Pop stared at them and growled into his mustache, "What I get for hiring a woman!"

"What happened, pop?" I asked him. "What'd she do?"

"Do?" Pop said. "Every time I canned him she phoned an order down to the agency hiring him back."

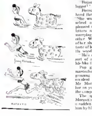
"Because she wanted him to be a logger?" I asked.

"Because she didn't." Pop ran a hand through what's left of his hair. "She wanted him to go to summer school at the university like he'd planned and get a couple more fancy letters after his name so she'd be marrying a doctor of something-or-other. When he turned up here in spite of her she figured she'd give him such a taste of logging he'd never want to see the woods again."

"He's okay," I said. "I guess he's sort of a hero, saving Skyline Bill's life like that, eh?"

Pop grunted and tugged at his mustache so I wouldn't see he was grinning. "Probably just another accident, Nels," he said. He called to Mr. Morgan, "Jim, you can comfort her on your own time. You're still on the company's."

The queer happy look on Mr. Morgan's face puzzled me. Then all of a sudden I got it. My pop had called him by his first name. ★



BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

Your Letter May Win $100

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE!

HELLO NEIGHBOURS! What a [illegible] the garden [illegible] monthly "chat" with you amidst the [illegible] results of Spring time labours — and I hope that you [illegible]. Isn't it amazing how a flower [illegible] planted and tended with our own hands becomes more precious than the most costly orchid or imported [illegible] that money can buy? A neighbour friend says "Eating one's own tomatoes is almost like eating a friend!"

NO MORE "BLUE MONDAY" OR ANY-DAY BLUES seems to be the [illegible] comment of you who have taken the time and trouble to answer the May contest on Maple Leaf Soap Flakes. Thank you for your complimentary words—and so many ideas which I have filed most carefully for future use. From all these letters we have chosen one which we felt best summed up all the neighbourly experiences with these fine soap flakes. So it gives me great pleasure to say:

MOST HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS TO
MRS. BETTY FAIRLEY
121 Eastbourne Avenue South, Hamilton, Ontario

who wins the $100.00 First Prize for the following splendid letter. Mrs. Fairley writes:

Dear Brenda York:

When I saw your request for letters singing the praises of Maple Leaf Soap Flakes in my magazine this month, I couldn't resist the temptation to sit down and write to you right away. Many times I have wanted to publish a letter telling all those people who have not yet tried this remarkable washing aid that they should do so without delay, and this would seem to be a wonderful opportunity. I have never found anything to equal this washing aid and I would never expect to find a better type of Soap Flakes. Maple Leaf gives wonderful soft suds, removes faded colours in worn and faded woolly garments, and what is most important to me, it does not affect the hands one bit.

I came out to Canada from England in [illegible] a young war Bride, and in the same year I had the wonderful gift of a daughter. I was young, however, and not very experienced. I didn't have my Mother to [illegible] to ask advice, and in a few weeks [illegible]. I was in despair. [illegible] Maple Leaf Soap Flakes [illegible] recommended [illegible] by a Doctor after he had seen my distressing situation.

Two years ago this precious [illegible] Maple Leaf Soap Flakes [illegible].

THIS MONTH $100.00 FIRST PRIZE will be awarded for the best idea for serving **YORK WIENERS IN BEANS AND TOMATO SAUCE**

[illegible] York Wieners in Beans [illegible] $100.00 will be awarded for the [illegible]. It might be on your busy family dinner [illegible] would be a good place to get together. What is our secret?

AND THERE ARE CONSOLATION PRIZES TOO! Everyone who writes will receive [illegible] York Wieners in Beans and Tomato Sauce.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. [illegible] First Prize, but we [illegible] only ONE [illegible] per person. [illegible] the $100.00 will be awarded to the first [illegible].

CLOSING DATE: [illegible] for the $100.00 First Prize [illegible] your letter must be postmarked not later than midnight, August 31st, 1948. Winners of the First Prize will be announced in my November magazine column. Be sure to look for it. YOUR name might be there.

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter for Canada Packers Limited,
2200 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

So sorry! The [illegible] which appears each month has had to be omitted this time because of the length of the prize winning letter, but it will be back again in the next Column. [illegible] while the long Summer days [illegible]. Before I fall to [illegible] let me know when and how you served York Wieners in Beans and Tomato Sauce, and [illegible] letter [illegible] before midnight, August 31st, in order to qualify for the $100.00 prize. Good luck all.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

Brenda York

Are you in the know?

When it's a foursome, what's your policy?
☐ Fair play
☐ All's fair in love
☐ Leave the field to Sis

Ever see green on a double date? Even if he's unamiable—even if the pressure's terrific—don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others. Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days needle you, seek the comforting angel softness of new Kotex. The kind of softness that *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Strictly genuine! So is the snug comfortable fit of your new Kotex Sanitary Belt that's all-elastic—doesn't bind when you bend!

What's your winning weapon?
☐ Sharp chatter
☐ Samba know-how
☐ That starry-eyed look

Glamorous and fancy footwork may be fun. But to set him mooning, try that starry-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glamour for your I.D. too if Mom vetoes eye shadow.) To win self-confidence on "those" days turn to Kotex—for the extra protection of an exclusive safety center in all 3 sizes of Kotex. Your secret weapon against secret woes!

If delayed beyond your deadline—
☐ Think of Kotex's haven
☐ Call the family
☐ Head home without phoning

If you're later than you thought! Do you dread waking Dad? Better call the family. (They're probably waiting up for you, anyway.) Telling where you are and when you'll be home will spare them worry, soften their wrath. And think of the worry you can save *yourself* at certain times with Kotex. For who could guess—with those flat pressed ends to prevent telltale outlines? Remember: poise, also, comes in that package labelled Kotex!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

KOTEX COMES IN 3 SIZES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

We Fled to a Cannibal Isle

Continued from page 17

and scientific knowledge—to gain our knowledge from nature and the world around us instead of wholly from books. They went to Tristan da Cunha and the Arctic; I to the South Pacific.

I wanted to compare primitive life to the rapid-transit existence that we call civilization. I scoured the map seeking a spot where I could exist without a gun or without civilized clothing or shelter and yet where civilization itself did not exist. I found it in Fatu Hiva, a little island 10 miles long and less than five miles wide at the extreme south of the Marquesas group, 4,350 miles southwest of the Panama Canal.

But first I got married. Three years before, at a senior matric party, I had met a girl named Liv whom I'd never forgotten. In a few hours of the early morning I had told her about the possibilities of making just such a trip. It was she who had insisted that to do it properly one would have to discard the benefits of civilization as well as its shortcomings—no shoes, no medicine, no tools, no modern food, not even any matches. A short time before I decided to go to the South Seas I met her again; she was taking sociology at the university. We were married almost immediately. The next day, Liv packed her wedding dress into a suitcase and we headed for the islands of the South Pacific.

Weeks later we stood on the broad white beach of Fatu Hiva and watched the lifeboat rowing back to the parent ship which had brought us from Tahiti. We hadn't even made arrangements for it to come back. Our suitcases containing the clothing we had worn on shipboard were beside us. We did not intend to open them. We had some gifts for the Polynesian natives (there are 300 scattered around the island)—beads, old watches, bolts of cloth. I had a camera and the supplies necessary for gathering zoological specimens for I was still working on my university thesis. We had only two things to depend upon for existence: a small iron kettle and a broad-bladed machete.

We were completely cut off from the outside world. There were no white men here, no radios, no newspapers, no mail service. On rare occasions a schooner stopped by to pick up copra—we didn't know when.

Life in Paradise

The following day we determined to get as far away from the natives as possible, for their legs were swollen, some of them to the size of their bodies, from contagious elephantiasis and we wanted to keep free of disease.

We plunged into the jungle far up the valley of Omoa where thousands of people had once lived, making our way through the tangle of soft green banana plants and orange and lemon trees which had once been hand cultivated by natives. And there on a stone platform which in earlier times had been the site of a king's residence, close by a cold clear spring, we built our hut of thatched bamboo.

Thus our honeymoon began in a tropical paradise. When we had torn away the brush and creepers, the giant leaves and ferns which had all but buried the faint traces of civilization, we could look out over the green roof of the palm forest below us, pierced here and there by a blue stream. Above us stood the rugged mountain range dotted with the tiny white forms of mountain sheep.

Now here is a curious thing. On this island we owned nothing of value from the point of view of material wealth; we were poorer than the wretched share-croppers of the Southern States. We ran naked through the jungle. And yet my wife and I have never been happier than when we lived together in a bamboo hut with a thatched roof, ate out of mother-of-pearl shells with bamboo slivers for spoons and bamboo joints for glasses and coconut shells for bowls and curled up to sleep at night on a thick pile of soft banana leaves. And so we asked ourselves: is it not perhaps a fact that the stock we place in material wealth is one of the great delusions of our time?

We had no watches. We were awakened each morning by the sun slanting into our hut across our faces and by the *hoo-hoo* of a brilliant blue-and-yellow bird high up in the palms. It gave us each morning an immediate flood of happiness to look out on this green world which seemed so completely in harmony. And here is another strange thing: you could have played the most beautiful piece of music on those mornings and we would have wanted to shut it off. It would have been like eating butter on bacon.

I found myself asking on those mornings if music is something we have invented because we have lost nature. If you live in complete harmony you do not need nor do you appreciate music of the type which our 20th century world needs and appreciates. The only musical instrument which seemed in harmony with the surroundings on Fatu Hiva was the nose flute of the natives, played in the moonlight by a single brown man.

Are Cooks Necessary?

As soon as we rose we ran down to the spring and dipped into the deep cool water. Again we had that surging of bursting with well-being. We lay in the water as long as we wished. Breakfast was coconuts and bananas and oranges washed down with lemon and water and juice from the sugar cane. Our midday meal was the largest of the day and usually consisted of fruit: breadfruit, boiled taro (a kind of root like a potato) and fei—a red fruit resembling the banana which we boiled and ate with coconut oil. We drank cool milk from the young green coconuts or made a hot beverage—a sort of tea boiled from withered leaves of orange trees. Fire? We made it ourselves by rubbing two kinds of dry wood sticks together as the natives did.

We supplemented our vegetable diet whenever possible with river shrimps or prawns, and sometimes we captured a wild boar. And here again we began to perceive another truth. In civilization we take it for granted that the clue to a good meal is an expert cook and a good kitchen. Modern man deludes himself with crunchy goodness and synthetic taste thrills. He forgets that the tastiness of a meal is much more influenced by his own physical condition and appetite. Because the food was so welcome when we did get it, I have never in my life eaten meals so wonderful as the meals on this island. Appetite can only be appreciated when you have longed for food for days.

Our days were very full. We were both busy collecting zoological samples in the dense jungles—the only jungles in the entire Polynesian group by the way—on the seacoast and in the palm forests and high up on the 3,000 foot plateau where wild cattle, horses and goats roamed.

The island was an archaeologist's paradise. In our expeditions for food we stumbled across huge temples—platforms with images carved from red stone and burial caves full of skulls, some of which hung from the roof in nets. The rock sculpture was prolific—great stylized sharks carved into half-buried cliffs, strange faces with huge eyes gazing out at us from behind the jungle matting, row upon row of men and women swaying in perpetual dance. One day I found a carving of a terrierlike dog and this was strange, for it had been believed that such dogs were unknown in the Polynesian group. But the pre-Incas of Peru had terriers. This was the beginning of my search for the origin of the Polynesians, that remarkably intelligent and fine race which people the islands from Hawaii to New Zealand and Easter Island.

What Man Needs

But it was not all paradise. One of the things we found out about civilized man cast away in the wilds is that he must have three things: a sharp knife, fire and medicine. Without our machete we would have starved. Coconut was our staple diet, but to pierce the hemp covering it was necessary to split the nut, as the natives do, on an iron-hard, sharpened stick driven into the ground. We couldn't sharpen the stick properly without the machete. Nor—based at least on my own experience—can civilized man on one of these islands exist on insects and beetles and roots and snails as man once could. And we could not digest the green breadfruit unless it was fried carefully.

The absence of medicine almost killed us. From the mud around us we contracted a strange tropical disease which caused our feet to swell and made it difficult to walk. We did our best with native remedies of leaves and flowers and boiling water and did succeed in localizing the wounds to our feet, but finally we reached the point where we had to make a trip in a salvaged lifeboat to the neighboring island of Hiva Oa, 60 miles away. There a Tahitian boy who had once worked in a hospital opened our wounds and dressed them. In a month they healed.

So medicine, it seems, is a necessity to civilized man. And yet it is my opinion that, like rouge, many of the great advances made by medicine were made to counteract diseases spread by civilization itself. On this tiny island the six major diseases of the natives—the common cold, influenza, tuberculosis, elephantiasis, venereal disease and leprosy—were all unknown before the white man came.

After about six months some of the natives turned hostile. A missionary had made his yearly visit to the island and, hearing of our presence far up the valley, had concluded we belonged to a rival faith. After he talked among the natives and departed they apparently concluded that the best way to get to the white man's heaven was to get rid of us. They dropped matter scraped from elephantiasis wounds in our drinking water, hid a pregnant mother scorpion in our hut (the offspring are poisonous from birth) and dropped poison centipedes into the piles of leaves on which we slept. Finally we fled across the mountains and made our home with a wise old ex-cannibal king in the valley of Ouia on the eastern side of the island.

We had been a long time away from civilization and we had ceased to think of the outside world. One night I remember we sat on the beach around a campfire with the black wall of the mountains and the palms behind us, the sky mottled with black clouds scudding eastward with the wind and the dark restless Pacific stretching out in front of us for 4,000 miles. Liv suddenly began to describe an airplane to Tei Tetua, the old cannibal. I started violently. I found myself asking unconsciously: *Is she lying? Can it be possible there are such machines?* It is difficult to explain this feeling for it seems so preposterous now, and yet at that moment I felt as if I were taking a guilty and forbidden peek into the future.

The last two weeks on the island we spent huddled in a cave on a beach. When the rain came up it closed the cave completely so for a good portion of the day we were trapped there. Hermit crabs crawled over us as we slept. Then friendly natives reported that the schooner had returned to gather copra. We packed up our zoological and archaeological specimens—the only property we had—and said good-by to the island of Fatu Hiva.

And now began the strangest part of this story: our first look at civilization again. We were shocked by the sight of the first white man we had seen in 12 months. We ourselves were tanned copper brown like the natives and this man looked to us like a ghost. We felt uncomfortable for a time among white people because they looked unhealthy—like grass that grows in a dark basement.

But there was something more: the white man's bearing seemed unhealthy too. He had none of the elegance and wide-awake attitude of the primitive. He seemed sunk together rather like the difference between a domestic dog and a wild wolf. We had a feeling that these people weren't quite alive and when we reached our first city we discovered the reason why.

In the jungle all our senses had been alert. We had heard and listened to every little sound, had observed everything that went on. But the speed and noise of the cities were so great that we too felt it necessary to put up a barrier between our consciousness and the noisy world in order to keep from going mad. It was like taking a drug. Soon the noises became nothing but a background hum. But we had lost something.

Primitive Men Are Smart

We had lost contact with nature the moment we put on shoes. And perhaps this was the most startling change. The sense of being alive that we gained from feeling soft grass and wet clay and hot rock under our feet was gone. Each step became the same, where once every step had been different.

On Fatu Hiva we had the child's attitude toward time. Looking back on this one year period now it seems more like 10 years—not because time passed slowly, but because life was full. For the primitive, time extends as it does for a child. Time is much longer for a child because he is able to absorb new details.

For a year we had been able to stand back and look at our civilization from afar and on our return much of it looked false to us. We have learned technique but it does not seem to have increased our intelligence. Test a Polynesian native and a civilized man with questions on a subject in which neither has had any training and the Polynesian will come out on top.

Certainly it is impossible for modern man to leave his cities and go back to nature en masse. And even if it were possible, it would not be easy for all the world is not like Fatu Hiva. Even we, with all our high intentions, found we could not go completely native. But I think it would be wise if man would stop and think hard about where he is going. The successful man,

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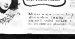

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Q. What does a blood count tell your doctor?

A. Checking the number, size, shape, and condition of your blood cells is called a blood count. The number of red cells and the amount of hemoglobin in them is one of the indices which help reveal your general physical condition. A count of white cells may be of value in diagnosing certain diseases. It is sometimes combined with the sedimentation test, which establishes the time taken by blood cells to settle.

Q. What will chemical analysis of the blood show?

A. Your blood is composed chiefly of water, salt, sugar, fat, and proteins. Chemical analysis of the blood is used to determine whether or not these and other components are present in normal amounts. This is important in making the diagnosis of certain diseases. For example, excessive sugar, salts or waste products in the blood indicate conditions requiring medical treatment.

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by today's definition is the man who has accumulated property and wealth, much of which (the swimming pool in the back yard, for example) goes to counterfeit the nature he has lost.

The riches of that lost civilization which we found on Fatu Hiva started me on an anthropological trail which ended last summer when, with six companions, I drifted from Peru to Polynesia on the raft Kon-Tiki. I was putting the finishing touches of proof to my theory that the Polynesians are a hybrid race that sprang from the pre-Incas of Peru and the Kwakiutl Indians of the British Columbian coast. During the 101 days on the raft I once again felt that intimate contact with nature and the elements which Liv and I experienced on our island. My companions were thrilled, as I was. Since then I have been lecturing in North America, but by the time this appears I shall be once more in Norway.

There my wife and I and our two boys (one was born shortly after we left our island) will live in a primitive log cabin high in the Norwegian mountains as the people did in medieval days—not quite wholly back to nature but a good part of the way. The experience of Fatu Hiva taught us there are better ways to find happiness than through material wealth. We will have the mountains and the forest and the sky all about us, and our friends who come up from the weary cities to visit us will envy us these possessions. ★

He Gets in Women's Hair

Continued from page 20

ie itself. The catch was getting it a shade that would match the hair she had attached to her head. Louis went to work. A week later the woman called for the finished job. Louis came forth carrying his handiwork as if he were carrying the crown jewels. He removed the tissue paper with a flourish and broke into a mild sweat. The transformation was several shades too light.

Louis has never been one to be caught off balance. He said that he was sorry that he had brought up someone else's transformation and sprinted off to the basement again, rubbing his nails and thinking fast. Then he wet his hands, dabbed them delicately in the coal bin, patted the dust onto the wig, smeared the whole thing with brilliantine, wrapped it up in tissue paper again and took it back to milady, who was pleased as Punch. It worked out fine for a woman didn't mess around with anything as difficultly contrived as a transformation once she got it on her head, and when she brought it back to the salon to be washed Louis gave it the same treatment down the coal bin.

Louis was practicing hairdressing at home on his mother, whom he describes as a very patient woman, and on his sister and her girl friends. He took an elementary medical course in skin and hair, and everything he could get his hands on about the subject, and learned the business from the ground up. He became a full-fledged hair stylist. He also became a bit concerned that he might fall into some of the dainty mannerisms of his trade. As a safeguard he got himself a job as sparring partner to a colored pugilist named Darky Hardee, who flattened his nose, gave him a split lip and generally discouraged him from going further in that line. The idea worked, however, as Louis is as far removed from petal-crushing poses as a bank manager.

After his somewhat checkered apprenticeship Louis rounded up enough cash to open a salon of his own. When it was operating successfully he left it under a hired manager and in 1920 went to London to take postgraduate work under such famous names of the period as Vasco, Tenconi, Tedesco—[illegible] in London's plushiest salons. Louis had always been interested in elocution and amateur theatricals and had studied singing for a number of years, all of which gave him exceptional control over his voice which he has to this day.

A Scottish boy with a working-class burr was not likely to go far in such a flossy, upper-crust profession as hair styling, so Louis began to work on his accent. He made a good job of it. Today, after spending much of his life on the Continent, he's not sure where conscious effort left off and environment took over. He speaks with a vaguely foreign flavor, with an accent about like that of a Frenchman with a good English education. Only in moments of stress does his boyhood tongue show through, and occasionally when things around the salon aren't going just right Elizabeth Arden customers are startled to hear their favorite hairdresser saying "ye ken" and leaving the "t" out of "bottle" and generally carrying on like Sandy McTavish. Louis can tell a Scotch joke in impeccable dialect and can talk with Gracie Fields, one of his most devoted clients, in Lancashire so thick that the other members of the salon can't make out what they're talking about.

Cash Register Salesman

During Louis' London period he made his only move in a direction away from hairdressing. It started more or less as a joke when the husband of one of his clients began ribbing him about not being able to make a living selling something honest-to-God instead of hair-dos to silly women. Louis advised him airily that he could sell anything he cared to mention. The businessman mentioned cash registers, which was his business, and bet Louis 20 pounds that he couldn't sell one in a week. Louis took him up on it. He sold not one cash register but six. He continued to sell them at such a rate that he was made branch manager of the company's West of England office.

Louis went ahead great guns. But spiritually he was like a fish out of water. The artist in him began to pine and he longed for the atmosphere of the hairdressing salon where he could create striking women out of plain ones and make beautiful women more beautiful. He tried to overcome his boredom by throwing parties in the office and getting everybody high as kites on expensive champagne. The management was reluctantly forced to terminate a business connection that showed a great deal of promise.

In 1922 Louis sailed from Dover to Ostend and launched on a period of his career when he roamed around Europe with his scissors in his pocket, living pretty much from hand to mouth in Paris, Hamburg, Berlin, Trieste, Ostend and Bruges.

One day in Bruges Louis met a French hairdresser who told him of a method he had developed for mixing henna with indigo-blue to produce a soft, honey brown shade. The trick was done by means of a mixing agent or catalyst, the name of which the Frenchman passed on to Louis. When Louis got back to London he could hardly wait for the arrival of his first customer. She turned out to be a wealthy middle-aged blonde. Louis had no trouble talking her into the new color job. The trouble was when he got down to it he couldn't remember the name of the catalyst. The result was something resembling the Picture of Dorian Gray. The woman, whose hair had turned a hideous shade of purple, threatened to sue Louis for his shirt. Louis, without batting an eye, told her that the process hadn't ended. He began to douse her with peroxide, soap and water and everything but paint remover and finally got her hair into good shape after five hours' constant work. He never was able to find the Frenchman again or remember the name of the catalyst.

Louis came to Canada in 1930 with $16 in his pocket and wearing a pair of plus fours that had people walking into one another on the sidewalks. He beat around the country for a while, then one day walked into Simpson's, took off his coat, told them that they needed a man like him, was taken on and has been there ever since, more or less.

Temperament—Ah Temperament!

In answer to Louis' claims to an easy-going, nontemperamental nature his boss simply presses her fingers to her cheeks and looks ceilingward. She tells, with rolling eyes, of the times Louis has taken off his white jacket, put on his hat and left Elizabeth Arden forever. He has always come back. The manager tells with amazement of Louis' many enthusiasms. "One winter he went in for calisthenics. Next winter he went in for sculpture. After that, French, then Spanish. Now it's art." Louis' painting, he says, helps him appreciate line and proportion.

Louis and his wife (a Lancashire girl) live in North Toronto with their two children, Jaqueline and Stanley. Louis has always done his wife's hair himself except once when he just didn't feel like doing it and she went out in a huff to a 50-cent hairdresser and had it done anyway. Louis flushes slightly at the recollection. "You could have laid railway tracks around the edge," he says. He did it over.

Louis' own hair is lush and bushy where it exists. He has it trimmed by the other hairdressers of the salon. He has never had a men client since he started with Elizabeth Arden, but back in Europe he did men's hair several times. What he thinks of men who come to hairdressing salons is unprintable, although he makes exception for actors.

Licensed Ontario beauty operators like Louis (there are 5,435—both sexes) are required to pass examinations in permanent waving, hair dyeing, massage, manicure, hair cutting, hair styling, bleaching and eyebrow plucking. The applicant must have either served three years as an apprentice in an established salon, or have taken a course at a recognized hairdressing school. These courses are about 1,000 hours long and cost in the neighborhood of $125 for tuition, plus the cost of the white uniform required by law.

Full-fledged hair stylists like Louis work on salary and commission. Prices range from $5 to $20 for a permanent, 50c to $2 for finger waves, 50c to $2 for shampoos, 50c to $3 for cutting, $3.50 to $20 for dyeing. Tips in Louis' case have ranged from a big red apple to a cheque for $45.

One reason why Louis is where he is in his profession is his enthusiasm for his work. He will talk about it at the drop of a hat. "Do you realize that early Christians slaked their heads with lime and stood in the sun to get flaxen hair?" he'll say. He can quote passages from the literature of antiquity about the beginnings of hairdressing and will even go into the evolution of hair and give a highly unlikely theory about how women's tresses evolved through man's preference for women with enough hair to get hold of.

"A woman's hair," says Louis, "is her greatest asset for it gives her a way of overcoming any bad breaks that were handed out to her by nature.

"All women are beautiful," he says, "if they have beautiful hair."

His enthusiasm carries him air-borne over shaky metaphors like "Hair is like art: take away the frame and there's no picture." "Women who try to get along without professional attention are groping for something they don't understand," he maintains.

"A woman has the same direct infantile approach as a child has toward drawing. She sees a glamourous looking movie personality with her hair over her eyes or in pigtails, or windblown or sandblown and that's the way she wants to look. She goes at it with touching faith and directness, but not much common sense."

Many hair-dos he sees make him close his eyes and shudder. One of them is the one with the hair in two buns over the ears that has appeared with the New Look. "The hair should not look like a headpiece for an old-fashioned radio set," he says. Another thing that makes him mutter softly is to see working girls with elaborate hair-dos. "Extreme coiffures are for evening wear. For a girl to wear her hair like that behind a sales counter—it's like a butcher delivering a steak in a top hat and striped trousers."

Hair-dos held up by a mass of pins and ironwork make him flush. "A woman's neck is something to be kissed. How could a man kiss a woman with all that artillery staring him in the face?" In the same category he places women who go to bed with curlers on. "It's like a man going to bed with his boots on. Properly cared for hair does not need to be rigged up like an extension bridge. It should be shaped and cut to lie in place naturally. A woman's hair properly done is always presentable without a lot of rigging and mechanical aids. Wearing it set to bed is a carry-over from the days of flat waves when she combed her hair once a week. Now it is every woman's religious duty to brush her hair morning and night."

Home Permanents—Phooey!

About home permanents, Louis simply says, "With the advent of the home permanent, there appeared many monstrosities. They often come to me to untangle the mess."

Women who pull a hat over one of Louis' coiffures like a crash helmet are liable to get told off. So are women who try to make their children's hair look like their own. "A child's hair should be done to bring out its innocence and beauty. It should be shaped properly but that's all. A woman can do all that should be done by way of curls by doing it up in rags. Permanents are absolutely out, except occasionally very lightly on the ends."

All in all, Louis thinks women should leave their hair alone. Doing hair is an art, one that requires great skill and training. It should be left to the experienced hair stylist. Women should go to a hair stylist at least once every two weeks. Children, household chores, lack of time are no excuse. "They should make time. A woman can only be at her best when she knows that her hair is at its best." Money is no excuse either. "It's up to their husbands to give it to them," Louis says coldly. ★

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"Let Me Out of Here!"

Continued from page 16

unable to breathe are common. The victim is tired and exhausted in the morning. "The attack of claustrophobia itself," explained Dr. Fodor, "is equivalent to a nightmare in the waking state."

Some of the most serious cases of claustrophobia were observed during the war. A sergeant who was decorated for bravery in the face of enemy fire was reduced to a state of terror at the thought of being confined in a foxhole or a dugout. He preferred to lie flat on the ground out in the open. "I would rather die," he declared, "than be cooped up in a hole in the ground."

Victims of claustrophobia aren't likely to commit acts that would land them in jail. If they are put in the cells they usually end up in the prison hospital. Some prisoners become so terrified that they nearly lose their minds. Others develop symptoms of heart trouble and stomach disorder. And it's no coincidence that the number of cases of asthma in prison is much higher than any place else.

One of the most difficult things for the claustrophobia victim is to travel. Airplanes, railroad cars, buses and private automobiles all involve small closed spaces. A man in New York who travels to work on the elevated must get out at five or six stations on his way to and from town. This same man can drive his automobile without any trouble. "It's a matter of control," he explained. "When I am controlling the car I feel secure. But when someone else is controlling a vehicle I can't stand it more than five or 10 minutes at a time."

What makes people afraid of being closely confined? The most commonly given explanation is that the phobia dates from some intense fear-producing experience which usually occurs during childhood. Though forgotten, the fear remains active in the victim's unconscious mind. Such a fear is said to be repressed.

Dr. W. H. Rivers, the prominent British psychiatrist, told of a young physician who was terrified whenever he was confined in a narrow space. During the war he was unable to sleep in a dugout and was forced to sleep in the open. His condition became so bad that he was sent to a base hospital. Psychiatrists finally solved the problem. As a small boy the physician had taken some old papers to the house of a rag-and-paper merchant. The child had to go through a long dark passageway. When he came out he found that the door to the street was locked. He turned around and found that there was a dog growling at the other end of the passage. The child was terrified. This early state of terror had been hidden in the physician's mind for nearly 25 years. As soon as the memory for the incident was recovered the phobia disappeared.

Don't Coop Up a Child

Sometimes claustrophobia begins with an intense emotional shock during later life. The wife of a British naval officer stationed in the West Indies opened the door of a cupboard and found a poisonous snake coiled on the floor. She screamed and fainted. Her husband killed the snake but his wife became a victim of claustrophobia.

Many cases began during the recent war. "We have tens of thousands of cases of mild and serious claustrophobia," declared Dr. Fodor, "dating from experiences in foxholes."

Some psychologists stress the importance of guilt in the development of claustrophobia. The circumstances of early fear experiences are frequently such as to provoke a sense of shame. As a result the individual does not tell about the incident. Sometimes the incident is connected with sexuality and sometimes it is connected with punishment.

"Parents are frequently responsible for the development of claustrophobic fears in their children," declares Dr. Donald Gragg, former president of the Massachusetts Society for Mental Hygiene. "The worst thing that a parent or a teacher can do is to thrust a young child into a closet or a tiny room for disciplinary purposes."

Claustrophobia is also related to fear of being buried—and especially of being buried alive. This fear is frequently reflected in the fear of small closed spaces. Although the claustrophobia victim doesn't know it, such spaces are symbolic of the grave and being buried.

Some psychologists and psychiatrists believe that there are even more fundamental reasons for the development of claustrophobia. Dr. Ernest Jones, one of England's outstanding psychiatrists, believes that claustrophobia is related to dreams and phantasies concerning one's birth. According to this theory, the fear of entering an enclosed space has among its ideas the one that the enclosure is the mother's body. It is really the buried memory of birth that is behind the fear. "In almost every case that has come to my attention," declared Dr. Fodor, "the shock of birth was the fundamental event to which the claustrophobia could be traced." Most psychologists wouldn't agree with such an involved explanation.

Digging Up the Past

Whatever the reason for the claustrophobia, the treatment of the condition follows certain fairly well-established lines. The main thing is to dig up the forgotten memories which are responsible for the fear. The two most frequently used methods are psychoanalysis and drug hypnosis.

Psychoanalysis is a method in which the patient tells more and more of his life story until the critical incidents related to the phobia are finally revealed. The patient tells about his ideas, his feelings, his emotions, his hopes and his fears. It may take several months—or several years—before the problem can be solved.

John Randolph was a power in the business world. But when Mr. Randolph found himself in a small room he was reduced to a mass of fears and tensions. He visited the psychiatrist four times a week for nearly 15 months before the story of his life revealed the long-forgotten incident that was at the bottom of the claustrophobia. He finally remembered that when he was a child he was locked in the cellar of a vacant building for six or seven hours before his parents came to his rescue. When the incident had been recalled Mr. Randolph's phobia disappeared.

Psychoanalysis is long and expensive. A later technique, drug hypnosis, manages to get at the repressed material in a fraction of the time. The patient is given a drug to make him drowsy, while the psychiatrist talks to him about his early experiences. The patient, highly suggestible in this state, is more than willing to talk. What's more, he is conscious of experiences that are completely forgotten during his waking life. It is often possible to dig up the repressed memories after four or five sessions.

Bob Evans, a successful real-estate broker, was unable to travel on buses, in elevators, on subways, through tunnels, or over bridges. He had to live in a ground floor apartment, could move only in his own car. He couldn't sleep in a bed. "It gives me a feeling of being tied down and closed in," he explained. He slept instead on the floor or in a chair.

Under drug hypnosis, Bob told how as a small boy he had crawled into a culvert and become stuck. The youngster called for help but his father didn't hear him for several hours. The psychiatrist explained to him that when he was afraid in a tunnel or in bed he was really a terror-stricken boy stuck in a culvert. Bob's fears became less intense and less frequent and after a few months he was completely free of his claustrophobia.

Most of the people with claustrophobia manage to get along fairly well. It may be only mildly disturbing. If you take the trouble to understand your fear, you can usually do something about it yourself.

It isn't enough to know that your fear of closed spaces is ridiculous and senseless. Nor can you reason it away. You must dig out the roots of the trouble.

If you attempt to do it yourself, search into your early years. Talk over your childhood with someone who knew you. Write out the story of your early life. Do anything that will help you recall your repressed and forgotten experiences. When the right memory comes along, you will know it immediately. You will be able to recognize that here, at last, is the source of the difficulty. Once the troublesome memory has been revived, you will have won the most important battle against your fear. ★

Red Hell on the Mississagi

Continued from page 12

of this loss with an estimated $35 millions written off in forest charcoal and ash.

This figure may be subject to revision downward once forestry officials have been able to visit the burned-over areas and see exactly what the flames killed or spared. But August and September are considered among the worst bush fire months in the year and rangers everywhere know that the disaster of Mississagi may well be repeated in the late summer or early fall unless hunters, fishermen, tourists and bushmen observe every precaution.

It is shocking to note that in the 25 years after 1917 forest fires in Ontario burned over 16,000 square miles, an area almost as large as Nova Scotia without Cape Breton.

"Since Confederation," says Robson Black, president and general manager of the Canadian Forestry Association, "we have burned five times as many trees in Canada as have been cut by all the lumbermen who ever laid an axe to our forests. We have burned up in forest fires more human lives than ever were lost to savage tomahawks or rifles."

In doing this Canadians have witnessed many spectacular conflagrations. But seldom a worse one than in the forests of Mississagi and Chapleau.

Closeup of a Monster

Actually this fire was many fires, paced by two major blazes racing toward a tragic junction at Peshu Lake, 60 miles north of Thessalon, a town on the highway between Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie (see map). The Mississagi fire started about 40 miles north of Thessalon and spread out, mostly to the north and east; the Chapleau blaze began at Flame Lake 40 miles farther north and blew south and east. Both began about May 25. By June 15 they had become one big fire. By June 22 the first big rain began to dampen the hot forest and quench the fire. But as late as the second week in July men were still patrolling the smoking land, jabbing at red embers that seared their boots. It takes a long time to beat a big fire.

When I arrived at Peshu the fires had almost joined. For hours I had watched flame flattening timber over 800 square miles of wilderness. From the air and on the ground I had got a frightening closeup of a bush fire on the loose.

I'd seen trees that had taken 250 years to grow bleed fire and fry in their own juices. I'd watched clumps of red-hot ash bigger than my fist riding the wind, and stood unbelieving as flame jumped lakes half a mile wide.

Two thousand feet in the air I'd felt the heat of the inferno below, seen the blackened scars where the fire had pushed angry fingers into the green of the bush—scars that would take 80 years to heal. At 5,000 feet I'd felt our Canuck buck wildly, caught in an updraught of smoke and ash. I'd seen moose swimming for their lives in fire-ringed lakes and deer hypnotized by the flames.

Now, chatting with the men at Peshu Lake deputy ranger headquarters, I remembered another man and what he'd told me an hour earlier. We'd beached our plane at the other end of the lake near Camp 28 of the McFadden Lumber Co. Ashore, lumberjacks were fighting fire less than 20 yards from a bunkhouse. A burly Swede had come off a line of hose to help secure the plane. Standing on a pontoon he had splashed lake water over the grimy stubble of whisker fringing his sun- and fire-blistered cheeks. His shoulders had sagged as he had turned red-rimmed eyes on the sky and said hoarsely:

"If God ain't too busy tonight He'd better send us rain. A whole helluva lot of rain. Or there ain't goin' to be no Mississagi timber left. And no camps, no game, no fish. No nothin' but the biggest, blackest graveyard you ever seen."

The mixed reverence and profanity of that tired Swede seemed like a bleak amen to the prayers of thousands in the north country. For 15 days the fire had been running amuck. Everyone knew that no power on earth could bring it under control. But no one could guess that it would be another 12 days and nights before the heavens were to heed their prayers.

Forty miles to the north the town of Chapleau on the Canadian Pacific mainline was threatened. A twin prong of fire had eaten to within a mile of the community. Boxcars, lining a nearby rail siding, stood ready to load 2,800 townspeople for flight.

At Blind River on the North Channel of Lake Huron, 70-odd miles to the south, smoke was so thick motorists drove with their headlights on at two o'clock in the afternoon. Lakes within a hundred mile radius were smoked out, grounding all aircraft. Along the White River near Blind River cottagers being evacuated by truck had to use flashlights to find their way in broad daylight.

Smoke from the fire had blotted out the sun over Washington, D.C., 1,000 miles away. Trans-Canada Air Lines pilots reported heavy smoke at 10,000 feet. Ash from Ontario had fallen on Texas.

Fifty million acres of Ontario bush

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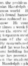

Above: Model 570-B Complete with Automatic Draft Regulator. Holds 100 lbs. of coal

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SAVES TIME Hotpoint's Activator [illegible] wringer saves drying time. Hotpoint gives your family more of your [illegible]

SAVES WORK Hotpoint takes the backbreak out of washing—makes your laundry life a more pleasant part of home life.

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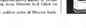

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land were closed to traffic. The area (as large as England, Scotland and Wales put together) was described as "tinder dry"—an explosive torch already ignited. Reinforcements were being rushed by plane from Sault Ste Marie, Sudbury, North Bay, Kirkland Lake, Desbarats, Franz, Blind River and Thessalon.

More than 35 mills and lumber camps had been closed and the workers conscripted by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests to fight the flames for 50 cents an hour. At Port Arthur four men had been fined for refusing to fight a bush fire. There had been many miraculous escapes among the smoke-begrimed men on the fire line. At Roselle Lake six miles east of Peshu, "Slim" Wilson and "Red" Dickenson had been walled off from their comrades by racing flames.

"She went around us quicker'n you could spit," Wilson told me. "We took to the lake. Stood all night in water up to our chins. Had a wet blanket around our heads. Couldn't make up our minds whether to drown or burn. So we just got stubborn and lived."

In a savage fight near Nemegos on the CPR line 42 men suddenly found themselves sealed off by flames on a narrow neck of land. They tumbled into a lake and lay there for an hour until the fire burned itself out. "We splashed one another to keep hair on our heads and skin on our faces," one man related later. "And after it was over we walked out through an ankle-deep sea of hot ash."

Flight Into Inferno

In the air, pilots of the Provincial Air Service, sleepless and unshaven, their faces shot with fatigue, continued to haul men and equipment to areas beyond the reach of roads. They set their ships down on smoke-filled lakes whipped by treacherous crosswinds. They raced into ravaged areas to rescue trappers and rangers caught in the death dance of fire.

When we took off in a Fleet Canuck operated by Lakeland Skyways from Trout Lake near North Bay we could see the smoke haze lying across Lake Nipissing—200 miles from the fire. By the time we had skirted Espanola west of Sudbury the afternoon sun was a ball of crimson through the blue haze that hung at 2,000 feet. Don McKay, my pilot, decided to risk a straight cross-country run to Peshu Lake.

Suddenly we were in it.

There was no fire here now—but it had been. Great black gouges had been ripped in the green carpet below us. Thousands of trees lay strewn across the tortured terrain. They looked like charred matchsticks tumbled helter-skelter by some giant's fist. Thousands of other trees still standing with their feet in furrows of ash reared naked stems to the sky.

The fire had run like paint spilled on a floor. It had flattened trees, left others green and untouched. The ugliest scars seemed to follow the bush roads and streams. Only a day earlier pine and balsam had stood here thicker than quills on a porcupine's tail. Now nothing remained but a blackened desert.

McKay dipped the plane sharply and shouted, "Look—"

Straight ahead I saw the first of the many fires I was to see in the next few hours. Three plumes of smoke, black at the base and white in the head, climbed out of the timber rimming Lake David. There was no sign of flame. The fire here was on its belly crawling in the green timber.

Mile after mile of burned-out timber rolled beneath us. In one section alone I counted 23 separate puffs of smoke. But I didn't see flames until we neared Peshu Lake.

It showed up first like a red ball rolling across a pool table. Then as we got closer it wasn't a ball any longer. It was fire—ugly and uncontrolled. It was splashed across the crest of a hill, running crimson fingers through the hair of the trees. It belched black, slate grey, yellow, white and orange smoke. We felt the suction claw at the little plane.

McKay set the Canuck down. We waded ashore and hiked a few hundred yards up a trail to where a dozen men with shovels and axes were attacking slash and turning up the sandy earth. Some were stripped to the waist, others wore plaid shirts. Some had handkerchiefs over their noses. Most of them looked as though they had been made up for a minstrel show.

The fire's breath slapped me in the face. Ash and live embers showered around us. The rumble of the flames sounded like water tumbling over a cliff. I began to cough and spit. Suddenly the ground shook and a terrible thunder crashed about us. A big tree 50 yards away had blown up like a bomb.

A squat little French lumberjack with a pot stomach and bowlegs leaned on his pick and shook a shower of sparks off his hat. Tobacco juice oozed from the corners of his lips and trickled down his chin. "Dat fire!" he spat. "She stinks worse dan dead fish."

They had three lines of hose on this fire. Pumps, driven by gas engines, sucked lake water through a two-inch intake and spat it out 45 gallons a minute from inch-and-a-half hose. I watched jets of water shoot 75 feet into masses of flame. The fire gulped it with a hiss, then roared on as if there were no water in the world.

"Can you hold her?" I shouted at the straw boss.

He scraped flies and sweat off his face. "Maybe. Maybe not," he replied. "Right now we got her by the ears. But give her a wind and she'll jump that fire line and be thu hell and gone before we could lay a hose on her."

It was the same story in a dozen other "hot spots" where men were fighting fire against staggering odds. In some places bulldozers were being used to smash trees and rip up earth. Trucks, canoes, dozens of aircraft, hand pumps, 300 power pumps, a million and a half feet of hose, thousands of shovels and axes had been thrown into the battle.

Man-made Rain

Nothing was being overlooked. Officials were even trying to make rain. Aided by the National Research Council and the Dominion Meteorological Service, forestry experts had shipped 500 pounds of dry ice into the fire area. Dry ice pellets (89 degrees below zero) had been seeded from special planes into cloud formations over Gogama on the Canadian National line and Missinaibi. Some rain had fallen—but it was a thimbleful compared to the three days' downpour needed to quench this inferno.

Back of Blue Lake, where 20 men were fighting a 5,000-acre fire, I talked with Charlie Bolah, a pump operator. Charlie had slugged his 120-pound pump on his back over a rugged portage. Fly bites bigger than 50-cent pieces spotted his shoulders and arms. Sweat oozed out of him like water on wax paper.

He jabbed a thumb at eight men swinging axes. They were cutting a shoulder-width path through the scrub and slash so a line of hose could be played on the fire. "That's real work, brother," he said. "You slug 10 hours, maybe 12. You got fire in your face, smoke in your eyes and flies and sweat in your hair. By night you'll be black as the trees and too tired to eat. Back in town I know guys who wouldn't hold open a door for 50 cents an hour."

"You seem to be beating this one," I said.

He shrugged. "You can't trust her. She may look licked but all the time she's just gone down in the roots. She'll lie there dozin' for a while—maybe for days. Then comes a wind and she's awake—a runnin', stinkin' fury."

To Charlie, as to every other fire fighter, fire in the bush is "she." He hates, respects and fears "her." He knows she's cunning and full of tricks. Sometimes you can walk within 200 yards of her and not know she's there. She can crawl like an earthworm or race like an express train. She can kill without marking her victims. The history of bush fire in the north country shows that hundreds of people who sought escape in some shallow gulley and hollow died where they huddled. The fire never touched them; it smothered them.

Nor is water always a haven. Many persons lying in the muck and mud of shallow streams or swamps have been parboiled by the water they thought would be their salvation. In swamps and peat bogs fire has played strange pranks too. In one instance, fire ate its way into the depths of a peat bog near Red Lake, Ont., and burned there during an entire winter.

Fighting bush fire is a tremendous task. Hundreds of men swinging axes, picks and shovels, is only a part of the complex picture. From the chief of the division of forest protection at his government desk to the regional and district foresters hundreds of miles away, from the chief rangers and their deputies in the warehouses to the men dispatching fire-bosses, patrolmen and patrol crews, everyone has a role to play.

The millions of acres of forest stretching across the upland slope of each forestry district is kept under dawn-to-dusk scrutiny by the hawk-eyed men who perch atop the 100-foot steel towers used as lookouts. On a clear day a towerman can see 40 miles in all directions.

When fire breaks out, action goes something like this:

The towerman at Rawhide Lake puts down his binoculars and leans over the chart table. He squints at his map and takes a sight on the plume of smoke, and cranks his telephone.

"This is Rawhide," he says. "Smoke observed. Bearing three-two-seven. About 14 miles. Somewhere back of Distant Lake."

At deputy headquarters the chief ranger reaches toward a large wall map. Every tower is circled in black. Through the centre of the tower location is a weighted length of string attached to a tack. The chief ranger pulls out the Rawhide cord and stretches it diagonally across the map to the northwest. He anchors it with the tack.

He cranks his phone. "Kirkpatrick, you there? Kirkpatrick!"

"Yeah, I'm here," replies the towerman at Kirkpatrick Lake. "I heard Rawhide. But I can't see a thing. Too hazy. Maybe ... hey wait! I got it! Bearing two nine. I'd say she was near the boundary of townships 2A and 2B."

The chief reaches for the Kirkpatrick cord. "Two-nine." He stretches it until it intersects the Rawhide string. He hangs up and bellows "Charlie!" Together the chief and his deputy study the point of intersection of the two cords.

"There she is," says the chief. "North of Distant Lake, maybe on the Kindiogami River. Get four or five men in there. There's a lumber camp nearby. Maybe they can get men on it fast."

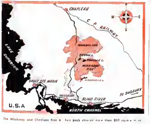
Sometimes four or five towers can get a bearing on a single fire. If no cross bearing is available, a plane goes out for a look. Trucks or plane haul in men and equipment.

Reports on new fires and the progress made by old ones are radioed from ranger headquarters to the nearest district forester. He in turn radios daily reports to the regional forester.

Battle Headquarters

At North Bay I talked with F. L. Ward, a regional forester with 45,000 square miles of northern bush under his wing.

He was having a rough time of it. Dozens of fires were racing through his region—including the two giant blazes at Mississagi and Chapleau. His phone jangled constantly. When someone wasn't calling him, he was calling Sudbury, Pembroke, Timagami, Toronto, Latchford, Sturgeon Falls—anywhere



The Mississagi and Chapleau fires at their peak affected more than 800 square miles

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It comes to you individually wrapped—keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection.

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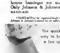

The quick, easy way to bandage a toe splinter

Remember the Victorian Order of Nurses! 50 Years of Service — 1898-1948!

and everywhere he might scrounge a few thousand feet of hose or locate more men to throw into the fight.

"We could use 100,000 men," he said wearily, "and still not be able to hold these babies."

Lightning first started eight new fires in as many hours. A west wind of 30 miles an hour was whipping the whole area, reviving fires thought dead. There was no sign of rain. Again and again came the call for more men, more pumps, more hose.

Like a general directing an army Ward mapped his strategy. Men were yanked from one fire and shipped to another. Out of warehouses came reserve supplies of pumps and hose. At a single crack I heard him order 75,000 feet of hose and 24 pumps into the Chapleau area. He didn't have to tell me things were getting worse there.

"We still don't respect our forest heritage," he said wearily. "Human carelessness is responsible for 80% of all fires in the bush."

Statistics back him up. Of the 6,000 forest fires in Canada last year campers were responsible for 18%, smokers 17%, settlers 15%, railways six per cent, incendiary six per cent, industrial operations three per cent, miscellaneous and unknown 17% and lightning 17%.

You can't assess the damage a fire does. Not only is valuable timber destroyed but soil is ruined. Fishing is spoiled, wild life obliterated. Who can estimate the damage done to the tourist industry by a bush fire on the rampage? And what value could be placed on the 60 years it takes a fire-ravaged area to hide its scars beneath new growth?

At Mississagi and Chapleau salvage operations by the McFadden Lumber Co. may somewhat brighten the dismal picture. But when they're through that area will still be as the Swede said, "The biggest blackest graveyard you ever seen."

I stood on the porch of a cookhouse one night and watched a long finger of the Mississagi fire creep down the side of a hill toward the lake. Fire in the bush at night is both beautiful and terrible. For a moment it glowed like a strip of hot wire. Then it smeared the white pine and balsam like blood soaking into a handkerchief. Sparks and smoke charred against the night sky, tarnishing the moon.

Behind me the camp cook said, "Back there I fished the hungriest trout in the world. They won't be hungry now. They'll be dead, floating belly up in ash-filled water."

I thought of the two trappers who were said to have started this hell-roast. "Desert makers," one ranger had called them.

And I wondered how much longer Canadians were going to go on making deserts because they trifle with fire. ★

"It's Like This, Lord Beaverbrook . . ."

Continued from page 14

laughing uproariously, rattling his papers, calling for a pencil, bidding some guest to come in. Once more you feel his presence at the telephone again.

"Women are always faithful to their husbands at election time."

That is an old trick which I got to know in the years that I edited the Express. When he is interrupted he always locks the last sentence in his memory and then resumes the conversation even if it is half an hour later at that exact point. In fact this mannerism once resulted in a completely understandable dialogue which took place between us after a 15-minute interruption:

"Yes!"

"No."

The Value of Fools

Next in my report on the state of the nation we shall discuss the Tory lieutenants: Eden, Macmillan, Butler, Stanley, Lyttelton and Bracken.

"Bracken is a grand fellow," he will say.

"Yes. But he does not suffer fools gladly."

"Why should he?"

"Because in England a man may look a fool without being one and at any rate fools have votes."

"What's going on in the theatre?"

That abrupt change can be somewhat wounding to the vanity, but it does not mean that the Beaver has not heard what you have said. In fact it may have registered clearly but his lordship is not one of those conversationalists who signalize bull's-eye every time the other person scores. Besides, he wants to cover as much ground and he has no time for formulas or encores. If his question about the theatre seems oddly inconsequential it is perhaps necessary to explain that I am the dramatic critic of his Evening Standard.

So we tell him that the theatre is in a bad way, that no new dramatist of consequence has appeared since the war, that acting standards have declined, that the West End stage needs a new arrogance and that Olivier's Hamlet is the best film ever made.

"The Daily Express should help new dramatists," the newspaper baron may say. "How about money awards for new plays by new authors and a £1,000 cheque for the managements that put them on? Encourage new talent, Carter. Always encourage new talent. There's too much respect shown toward experience. Let me tell you that all experience is a form of fatigue. Do you remember when we burst on Fleet Street after the first war? None of us knew anything about newspapers. That was our strength. Now we know all about them. That's our weakness. We have to watch. COME IN! How are you? Sit down. Search for new authors and guide them to glory."

As you will have gathered, he has not asked me to come in or sit down, nor has he urged his visitor to search for new talent or guide authors to glory. It is just part of his telephone technique and design for living. A telephone to Max Beaverbrook is what a Stradivarius is to Kreisler.

"What about the newspapers?"

We tell him that the Times is much more vigorous under its new Irish-born editor, that the Mail is 100% pro-Tory and on the upgrade under the editorship of Frank Owen, who was once a Liberal M.P., that the Daily Express is cursed by both the Socialists and the Tories and is brilliantly edited, that the Socialist Daily Herald is rather flat except for the sardonic political articles by Michael Foot (both Foot and Frank Owen were formerly Beaverbrook editors), that the Daily Worker bows three times a day to Moscow, which ignores its existence, that the Manchester Guardian has the smallest circulation and the best writing in England, that the News Chronicle remains a mannerism rather than a newspaper, and so on down the line.

He makes no comment but merely wants to hear one man's point of view. With equal patience he will listen to others on the same subject. His omnivorous mind and his vast unsatisfied interest in everything are never sated. And while he will discuss newspapers with those of us who have made journalism our career, he will be just as likely to go for a walk on his estate and ask a farm hand what newspaper he reads and why. Nor will he regard the man's answers as less important than those of professionals.

All things come to an end and Beaverbrook is not one of those bores who cannot get off the bus without a half dozen false starts. His favorite telephone exit is an abrupt "Good-by to you." Which sometimes leaves you with a perfect phrase left stranded in the air. But as he has been abroad for some time he will more likely suggest a visit during the week end.

The Pro-Russian Beaver

Then with Bracken or Balfour or any of his political friends the conversation will go deep into the problems of the world. He will ask his guests why they do not raise the fiery cross of Empire and conduct a great crusade across the country. He will say that England is selling out to the American dollar instead of building her mighty edifice of nations.

It is unhappily true that the Tory Party has never produced a successor to Joseph Chamberlain, who fought the cause of Empire economic unity, sacrificing the premiership and eventually his life to that splendid dream. Churchill proclaims the Empire faith and is enraged at any weakening of the imperial link, but his mind is also in Europe whence come our dangers.

Then Beaverbrook will talk of Russia, for he went there to see Stalin when the Germans were at the gates of Moscow. He will say that Russia has a case, that she fears the rise of a vengeful Germany supported and encouraged by the Western Powers. With the veins standing out on his massive forehead he will argue the case for Russia with all the fervor of a commissar expecting promotion in the party.

Does he believe in Russia's case? That is not the point. As he does in everything else, he puts himself into the mind of the other man. For the moment he becomes a Russian looking out on a hostile world, a Russian who saw his cities ruined and his people slaughtered by the Hun, a Russian who knows that Communism or capitalism must destroy the other.

We in turn will proclaim the case for the West with equal fire and he will roar back, "The last war should never have been fought. The next one should not be fought."

One a.m. Two a.m. He is in his 70th year and is as fresh as when the argument started. The rest of us being younger are tired and want some sleep. Suddenly he realizes our frailty and remarks: "Go to bed. But before you go you must sing 'The Jones Boys.' It is like this."

Then standing up and with deep earnestness he sings the first line, "Oh the Jones Boys," in which there is a drop of a clear octave between the last two words. Then in a raucous but vigorous voice he sings the rest of the chorus:

They built a mill
On the side of a hill
And they worked all night
And they worked all day
But they couldn't make
That gosh darned sawmill pay.

We join him in the chorus and sing it very loudly and sadly. When it is over he says wistfully, "That is the history of New Brunswick in the early days. The story of the Jones Boys is the story of the Maritimes in the making."

Balfour, Bracken—or whoever they may be—say good night and start for bed. I accompany them to the door when Max indicates that he has something important to say to me.

"Pour yourself a drink," he says. "Tell me. What's going on?" ★

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The Hunt for the Singing Atom

Continued from page 6

Morelle, for section man Gord Killins was going south on a tour of track inspection with his gasoline-powered jigger. A cloud of mosquitoes and black flies convoyed me along the spongy muskeg trail from the track to the rambling Abitibi. Soon the damp woodsy smell of the spruce gave way to a different aroma. Dave McDougall, a geologist from Montreal, straightened up stiffly above his sizzling frying pan and introduced himself from behind a two weeks' crop of very black beard. He said he was surveying 14 claims, 40 acres to the claim, which were held by his company, Moneta Porcupine Mines Ltd.

"The Geiger counter gives a few kicks wherever there's an outcropping of rock anywhere in this area," he said. "But most of the time we're looking for the rocks instead of looking at them. There's a 50-foot overburden of gravel and clay in most places. The Geiger won't pick up radioactivity through that. It'll need drilling and trenching before we know what's under all this muskeg."

Two of his crew, he said, had covered nine claims the day before, wading cable and knee-deep in muskeg, and hadn't found a single outcropping of rock.

"When you start out in the morning the Geiger counter weighs 15 pounds," he said. "By the time you get back to camp at night you're swearing that it weighs 1,500."

The development of "The Bomb" transformed the cumbersome Geiger lab model to about the size of a portable radio weighing from six to 15 pounds. A prospector carries it in a canvas case on a strap which loops around his neck or over a shoulder. The simplest models have only an earphone; more elaborate models have earphones and a recording meter as well.

Cosmic rays, which affect a Geiger counter in the same way as do radioactive materials, are constantly showering on the earth. When a Geiger counter is turned on and given time to warm up like a radio, these cosmic rays produce a background count of from five to 10 clicks a minute in the Geiger's earphone. But when the Geiger comes within four or five feet of a deposit of radioactive mineral the clicks speed up and they may come in so fast that the instrument whirs like a muffled alarm clock.

A hundred yards away, closer to the river bank, Nelson Hogg, an Ontario Government geologist from Timmins, was breaking camp. Hogg wanted to make a final survey of the originally discovered radioactive vein before leaving. So I had a chance to listen in on the singing atoms.

We paddled across the Abitibi and beached the canoe at the head of Otter Rapids. Then we followed an old Indian portage trail for a quarter of a mile downstream. I carried the Geiger counter. Its single earphone was giving

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a sharp click about once every five seconds.

We came out again to the river at a canyon 25 feet wide whose rock walls towered 60 to 75 feet upward on either side. Massive red boulders, washed clean, strewed its bed, but now it contained only a narrow trickle of water. Hogg led the way down into the jumbled mass of boulders, saying nothing. Suddenly the Geiger counter's earphones started to click rapidly. I took another step and the clicks ran together into a continuous whir. Then I noticed the foot-wide sharply outlined band of brownish rock at my feet.

"This is it," Hogg said, smiling. The Geiger's tiny earphone was raising a clamor that could be heard six feet away.

Hogg showed me where the vein was exposed for a length of 250 feet, disappearing at both its ends beneath the foaming rapids. Geologists told me it could be several miles in length and hundreds of feet deep with only that one 250-foot section exposed. The microammeter of the Geiger counter showed an average reading of six just a few feet away from the vein, but when the counter was moved directly over the vein the hand of the meter snapped up and went off the top of the scale at 50. Otter Rapids radioactive atoms, whatever their breed, sing a lusty tune.

Outside Otter Rapids, across the Dominion, the uranium hunt goes on. How many Canadian prospectors are listening for the atoms? Nobody knows exactly. But a big Toronto firm, chief producer of Canada's Geiger counters, hasn't been able to supply the demand since restrictions went off in March. They have 500 Geigers out this summer costing from $140 to $500 apiece.

And in Ottawa, where radioactive ore is examined free, the samples are coming in by the ton. Testing is also being done at Victoria, B.C., and Toronto.

While private enterprise joins the most exciting and portentous mineral hunt in history, Eldorado, the Crown-owned company which has been doing extensive uranium prospecting since 1944, is redoubling its efforts. "We will have 75 men out prospecting for uranium until the freezeup," W. J. Bennett, Eldorado president, told me. "We have staked about 160 likely looking uranium claims in the name of Eldorado since 1944 and the boys are staking new claims every week."

Canada Near the Top

At Ottawa's Bureau of Mines they are developing an ultrasensitive type of Geiger counter to be used in aerial prospecting for radioactive minerals. First sets will be turned over to Eldorado. By late summer at least two helicopters may be thrumming over the rocky outcroppings of the Northwest Territories with electronic ears tuned delicately to listen for the song below.

Meanwhile the atom hunt has struck out in yet another direction. The Bureau of Mines has asked that ore samples be sent in from the slag heaps and waste dumps of every abandoned and functioning mine in Canada. It is quite possible that the ore discarded after its gold or other metals had been removed might still contain commercial quantities of uranium.

There is no doubt that if Canada isn't actually on top of the atomic heap today, she is very close to the top. Canada's big atomic research centre at Chalk River makes her the only nation in the world which produces the raw materials for atomic fission in any appreciable volume, and possesses a plant for their utilization as well.

Before scientists started tampering with the atom, Eldorado was yielding $500,000 a month in gold, silver and radium, but her uranium was of little value, some of which could be sold at a giveaway price of 70 cents a pound or as a coloring agent for glass, but most of which had to be thrown away. With the arrival of the atomic age, Eldorado's uranium suddenly became the source of most of the atomic wallop that went into the atom bombs of Hiroshima, Nagasaki and Operation Crossroads. Today the volume of Eldorado's uranium production is one of the world's top secrets, but the mine has been called the world's biggest single uranium producer.

Our Precious Shield

Authorities who have burned midnight oil poring over the world's niggardly statistics on uranium production say that it is probably a toss-up as to whether Canada or the Belgian Congo tops the list. At any rate, Canada's top geologists say that no other nation of the world has as promising a field for the location of new uranium deposits. Her great Precambrian Shield, the foundation rock of the world, which loops in a massive two-million-square-mile horseshoe around Hudson Bay, is home of the rarest and most comprehensive assembly of minerals found anywhere in the earth's crust. Uranium has already been found here in several locations. And the surface has been but scratched.

"We are confident that there is much more uranium there than has yet been uncovered," I was told by C. M. Jarvis, secretary of the Atomic Energy Control Board at Ottawa. "There's a vast area to cover before we will find it. That's why private prospectors were given the go-ahead signal. It's too big a job for the Government to do alone."

Much of the Precambrian has been combed and recombed by prospectors in the past seeking gold, silver and the other minerals of pre-atomic age demand, but no one had bothered recording or even taking a second glance at anything that looked like that worthless nuisance stuff—uranium. Geological studies have revealed that uranium and the other radioactive minerals seem to occur most commonly in the transition zones where the ancient Precambrian rock merges with neighboring rocks of more recent geological ages, and that's where the search is being concentrated.

Biggest activity is in the far northwest near Eldorado. Crowded around Great Bear are several other properties which contain uranium and which are being explored and developed by private firms. And 500 miles south in Northern Saskatchewan's Goldfields area on the north shore of Lake Athabaska several firms, including Eldorado, are scrambling for properties (143 out of Eldorado's 160 uranium claims are in this area).

Leaving the northwest and swinging eastward along the Precambrian Shield's horseshoe, uranium strikes have been reported in recent months in the Flin Flon and Lake La Ronge areas of mid-Saskatchewan, at Otter Rapids in Northern Ontario, around Burks Falls west of Ontario's Algonquin Park, in Eastern Ontario's Haliburton area, and in Northwestern Quebec east of Noranda and Rouyn. That some of the story is still untold there is no doubt.

"We know of other uranium properties which have not yet been made public," C. S. Parsons, Bureau of Mines chief at Ottawa, told me. "One of them is second in importance only to Eldorado. It belongs to the Eldorado Company and they have already progressed as far as putting a shaft underground."

It was in the Northwest Territories, he said, "but a long, long way from the well-known uranium field at Great Bear Lake."

How important any one of these new Canadian uranium properties may become in the future there is yet no sure way of predicting. It takes months of Geiger counter and geological explorations, diamond drilling and laboratory testing to determine whether a showing of uranium is merely a shallow isolated patch of the mineral or a deep extensive deposit which could father a mine.

Ninety per cent of the prospectors' samples being tested by the Geological Survey are "rubbish," one authority said, usually pieces of granite with a high content of potassium (which will show activity on a Geiger). One man excitedly telephoned the Bureau of Mines. "I've found a lot of uranium. My Geiger counter is buzzing like a bumblebee. I could be ready to start shipping out ore in two weeks. Where does it have to go?" Government officials calmed him down and suggested that he forward a few samples first for assaying. The samples arrived. They possessed no radioactivity at all. Enquiries revealed that the prospector carried a large watch with a radium-painted dial in a pocket touching his Geiger counter.

And, as in every form of mining, there's already skulduggery at work among the high-pressure boys. Some firms are publishing assay results claiming they have ore which runs up to 10% uranium—$550 a ton!

"And they really get those assays," an official of the Atomic Energy Control Board told me. "But they're selected samples!"

Even where a sizeable deposit of uranium is proven, there is still no assurance that the deposit is a potential mine. The type of ore in which uranium occurs is an important consideration in determining whether a deposit can be economically mined.

And it is this business of mining economics, incidentally, that has our atomic bosses watching Otter Rapids. Most of Eldorado's freight is air borne but its high-grade ore—one per cent uranium—and its big reserves make economical mining possible. Cheaper power and transportation, such as at Otter Rapids, might make it possible to mine ore with a uranium content as low as one tenth of one per cent.

But today life at Coral Rapids still jogs along at its leisurely two-trains-a-week pace. There's no excitement here about the boom days that may be just around the corner. Only section man Killins can be said to be excited. "I'm getting tired of playing three-handed whist every night," he told me. "Maybe soon the atom stuff will bring us new residents, then we'll be able to round up a foursome." ★

The Gopher League Comes Back

Continued from page 11

not to show a profit. If there is money in the till after the teams have been paid off it is turned over to a community project.

June, July and August are the big tournament months, with some in September if the crops are particularly good.

To ensure the presence of popular teams, guarantees are frequently posted but these are not excessively high. Touring Negro teams, for instance, ask for $100 a game and since they stand a pretty good chance of copping the first prize of $500 there isn't much risk involved in the guarantee.

Four for a Dollar

Tournaments start at noon, when a draw is made, and at 12.30 the first two teams play nine innings. At 2.30 another two teams play nine innings and at 4.30 the two losing teams meet for third prize. The big game of the day, the tournament final between the two winners, is played at 6.30, the winner collecting first money and the loser earning second prize. The fans see four nine-inning ball games for $1.

Most tournaments are played on Wednesday afternoon, a half holiday in most prairie towns. Because no seats are reserved, it isn't unusual to see families arrive at the ball park before noon carrying a basket lunch. Between games, or during the play-off for third money, one member of the family will keep guard over vacated seats while the rest of the family adjourns to eat lunch.

The baseball is often played on an unfenced field with limited accommodation in the high temporary stands. The diamond itself lacks the manicured appearance of the major league fields although the infield is generally true. Life is a little harsher in the outfield, where players dwell amid buffalo grass and accept gopher holes as occupational hazards.

Tournaments have never regained the fine frenzy they had in the pre-depression era. In the late '20s, when wheat was $2 a bushel and 30 bushels an acre wasn't an unusual yield, the institution reached the zenith of its raffish splendor. The whole mood of the tournament town was geared to the soaring, zestful spirit of the times. On ball-tournament day the whole town (and the wheat-rich environs) put its best—or worst—foot forward. The town drunk got drunker than he ever got on any other day of the year. The town tough guy got into more fights. The town bootlegger sold more beer and Catawba wine. The town hussy tossed off more arch giggles and excited more roguish leers from sunburned sports in striped silk shirts and Christie straws. The local MPP shook more hands, the local wit told more and dirtier jokes and the Chinese café sold more glutinous and sinewy raisin pie.

Tournament day always wound up with a dance in the public hall, often at the top of a creaky flight of outside stairs in a festooned, well-pillared cavern, presided over by a band called the Silver Seven or the Rhythm Six.

They Cheer for the Home Town

For many of the smaller towns, tournament day brought the one real break between seeding and harvest and added to the fabric of farm life a swatch of color and drama. There was one team that used to barnstorm the Prairies whose arrival and departure was almost as good as a circus parade. It was composed entirely of Cubans and owned by Lee Dillege, one of the more colorful characters operating from North Dakota during the brawling '20s. The Cubans themselves made a fine exotic sight as they rolled into town, their swarthy, foreign faces peering out between the curtain rods of two big Buick touring cars. Their boss headed the procession in a yellow

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Jam Tarts

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 tsp. Magic Baking Powder
1 tsp. salt
4 tbs. shortening
1 egg
½ cup milk
1 tbs. light corn syrup
Raspberry Jam
Cinnamon sugar

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt. Cut in shortening with 2 knives or pastry blender. Beat egg, add milk and corn syrup, add to flour mixture, stirring only enough to make dough hold together. Knead on lightly floured board ½ minute. Roll out [illegible] thick, cut with biscuit cutter. Place on greased baking sheet, make deep impression in centre of each with thumb, pressing firmly. Drop raspberry jam in each hollowed out centre. Brush biscuit dough with milk, sprinkle with cinnamon sugar. Bake in 425 F. oven, 12-15 minutes. Serve immediately.

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Duesenberg roadster as long as a box car with the muffler cut out, a four-note musical horn tooting for gangway and a minimum of two and a maximum of six sensationally overdressed and overcurled blondes packed around him like sardines.

Dillege left his mark on the ball fields of Saskatchewan. At one tournament a fight broke out between Dillege's team and the opposition and as the players battled along the base line, umpires and spectators were powerless to halt it. Dillege, grabbing an orange crate from near a refreshment stand, marched to the fringe of the battle area, climbed up on his box and placed his hands at his hips after the fashion of a movie cowboy reaching for his guns. He stood there until one of the battlers caught his eye and almost immediately the fight stopped. The players returned to their positions, Dillege returned to his place on the bench and the ball game went on.

The biggest attractions at the larger tourneys are the Negro teams which tour the Prairies every summer. These include the Birmingham Stars, the San Francisco Sea Lions, the Muskogee Cardinals, the Chicago Black Barons, the Lagan Colored Giants of Brawley, Calif., and the San Francisco Cubs. These teams run up impressive totals in road miles and base hits. The Lagan club, for instance, played a tournament in Brandon on a Wednesday, traveled 300 miles overnight to a town in the southeast corner of Manitoba, hopped some 800 miles to Yorkton in northeastern Saskatchewan for Friday and played in a tournament at Nipawin nearly 400 miles by road on Saturday. That was about 1,500 miles in three nights and included seven ball games.

"My, that boy in California who booked our games up here sure needs himself a road map," muttered Lagan as he contemplated the immediate future.

Rarely is more than one of the touring nines in the same tournament, as the fans go out to see the neighborhood teams knock off the colored boys. Usually they are disappointed because most of the colored teams are a step ahead of the best of the Canadians, particularly in the pitching department.

Not Smooth, but Good

One exception is the Delisle team, which unearthed a left-hander named Johnny Mironuke north of Prince Albert who was apparently born to throw baseballs. The citizens of Delisle think very highly of their southpaw and so does the ball club, which pays him $700 a month to be on hand at the tournaments. The rest of the team, which includes such hockey players as Cat Francis, goalie for the Chicago Black Hawks, and Dick Butler, a forward with the Kansas City Pla-Mors, and three of the Bentleys, divide the profits evenly at the end of the season. Max Bentley is the club's power hitter, one whom Art Lagan, owner of the Lagan Colored Giants, regards as at least a Triple-A ball player. In a tournament at Unity last June, Maxie managed to collect 10 hits in 12 trips to the plate, including four home runs. One of his other hits was a triple which he drove over some parked cars which circled the outfield and it should have been his fifth homer except that it happened to hit a passing truck and rebounded into the playing field. On one of his hits the right fielder climbed up on the fender of a parked auto and caught the ball.

Fans at the western tournaments probably see more spectacular fielding plays in a day than a major league or top minor league fan sees all season and the reason, paradoxically, is that the tournament boys are considerably more inept. It works this way: In the majors or top minors the outfielders know how to play the hitters.

Baseball is just a sideline with most of the tournament players. Many are hockey players putting in the summer; some are farmers or young townspeople getting a little exercise and possibly picking up a few extra dollars. In many cases they have never seen their opposition before and have no way of knowing the hitting merits of the succeeding batters. Thus the combination of not knowing the hitters and not being trained fly catchers makes for many a long run in the outfield, makes for many a misjudged fly ball and consequently makes for many a spectacular catch.

"Let 'im Run a While"

Perhaps the most popular touring team of all was Gilkerson's Colored Giants who toured for so many years in the late 1920's and early 1930's that their players became as well known and as popular as most of the local heroes. Such names as Charlie Akers, Pee Wee Dwight, Satchel Paige and Pee Wee McNair were household words and, while nostalgia might have something to do with it, it seems that this club owned colorful players the like of which are not roaming the pastures these days.

Akers, a shortstop, was a gangling, grinning, weak-hitting, magnificent-fielding fellow, the idol of the kids who goggled after him on the streets and shrilly applauded his effortless, exaggeratedly casual fielding plays at the ball park. A North Dakotan, Jimmy Loren, who played first base for Brandon, who was not known for his love of Negroes, feuded with Akers for years. He'd rage when the colored boys went into their colorful showboat act on the diamond and so they used to put on a little extra steam for Jimmy. When he grounded to short with the bases empty, for example, Akers would scoop up the ball, toss it to the second baseman, Crespo, who would pivot and throw Loren out at first on an imaginary double play.

Akers, meanwhile, would beam: "Let 'im run a while."

Gilkerson had an almost unbeatable outfield headed by squat Pee Wee McNair, who could run like an antelope. The club's catcher, Roy Radcliffe, returning to the Prairies with other clubs in later years, never tired of recalling, with gestures, the futility of attempting to hit a ball past McNair.

"Boy, your man would step up to that plate and he'd whale a ball a mile," he'd recall. "He'd go flying past first base and tear for second. He'd steam past second and head for third. He'd go rounding third and then the coach at third base would throw up his hands. 'Whoa,' he'd say. 'That's far enough, boy.' And the runner would look at him and he'd say, 'Whassa matter, whassa matter?' And the third base coach would say, 'You can stop now, boy. McNair just caught the ball.'"

Gilkerson used to allow his players $1 a day expenses and at the end of the season, when the team broke up at Chicago, he'd call in all the wives before paying off the players for the season.

"I don't want my boys wasting their money," he'd explain. "If they waste it with their wives, that's their business."

Gilkerson's club was not only good, but temperamental too. One hot, dry day in 1929 during the first game of a tournament the Giants figured to win, their right fielder, named Torrenti, made a deal with a local umpire named Shuster to get tossed out of the game early so that he could go downtown and enjoy a cool beer while his mates toiled. In his first appearance at the plate Torrenti didn't take his bat from his shoulder. Shuster called every pitch a strike and Torrenti argued violently on each call. Called out on strikes, the outfielder argued so strenuously that Shuster ordered him out of the game. Torrenti walked dejectedly away from the plate, past the Giants' bench, toward the exit gate. He had almost reached it when Gilkerson, suddenly suspicious, called to him.

"I'm awfully sorry you got tossed out, my boy," the boss told his outfielder. "You better just go over there to the bus and sit down until this game is over."

The bus was parked behind the stands in an unshaded spot under the blazing sun.

The most fabulous tourist of them all, though, was Satchel Paige, who recently signed a contract to pitch for the Cleveland Indians of the American League. Paige, a skinny, gangling bean pole, has often been called the greatest pitcher in baseball and in the 30's he used to perform magnificently in postseason exhibition games against major league barnstorming teams. He often outpitched Dizzy Dean when the eccentric St. Louis Cardinal master was in his prime, besting Diz and such teammates as Joe DiMaggio, Jimmy Foxx, Al Simmons and Lou Gehrig. Paige's actual age is a mystery but he must be well past 40. As a tournament player in the West, Paige never went hungry because his windmill windup, his astonishingly swift fast ball and his stratosphere blooper pitch packed in customers all over the continent and he was well rewarded financially, sometimes collecting $15,000 a year.

The Non-touring Car

Satch toured the tournament circuit with the Bismarck, N.D., team around 1930 on a team that was composed of both Negroes and whites. He was signed in the middle of the season after he had jumped the Pittsburgh colored team and the Bismarck bosses were fearful that he might jump their club as well, since Satchel was an uninhibited, impulsive sort. To guard against the possibility they gave Paige a cream-colored Cadillac convertible and they warned him that they had given the car's serial number and its license-plate number to the state police.

"If you ever try to drive out of North Dakota," they told Paige, "the troopers have instructions to take your car away from you."

Satch, looking at the big cream job, broke into a giant grin. "Why, ah got no hankerin' whatsoever to leave this ball club," he grinned. And he didn't either. He pitched Bismarck to numerous tournament victories on the Prairies and then took them to the U.S. semipro championship in the annual national tournament at Wichita. Reporters once asked him if he thought he could pitch effectively in the American League. "Plate's same size," said Satch.

Drought and the resulting depression moved in on the tournament circuit in 1931 when the Brandon club lost $3,500 for its season's operations and Virden dropped about $4,000. The bidding for imported players wilted with the crops. Business dropped off and tournament baseball on the Prairies slumped. With the war, of course, there was small chance for revival but in 1945, farm revenue rising, the farmers and the businessmen again went out to the ball game for entertainment. And today they're getting it in bushel baskets. ★

MAILBAG

Our Covers Both Torment and Delight

These Controversial Covers

Your taste of the girl who adorns your front cover is not very complimentary to Canadian femininity. I am an American here in Canada engaged in the exporting business and from my observation you sure have prettier women than you have displayed on your front cover. Why not get a few Hollywood gals to enhance your issue? —Saul M. Chuckrow, Prescott, Ont.

● Being an ardent Calgarian I do appreciate the boost you have given our Stampede in the attractive cover of your July 1 issue.—Louise Dean, Calgary.

● Please, please, may I beg of C.M.A. of Victoria, B.C. (Mailbag, April 15), to spare his scissors on the covers of his Maclean's before sending them to England. Their color and zest and liveliness are a tonic and a joy to us in this color-starved island. Other magazines, other countries feature splendid children, noble dogs, chocolate ladies, but only Maclean's gives us the lively human scene, the matchless Canadian landscape.—(Miss) F. M. Fell, Ilkeston, Derbyshire, England.

● Isn't it time to lay off printing those awful front covers and stop tormenting your subscribers with them? As a suggestion, why not give us some nice Canadian views in color. They would really help us to forget the hideous stuff you have been pushing over on us whose subscription money you already have.—O. M. Byers, Vancouver.

Disgruntled Sun Subscriber

After having read the article "Vancouver's Rising Sun" (Maclean's, July 1), I would say it has a terrific pro-Sun bias. Of course this is to be expected since the author, Pierre Berton, was a Sun man until very recently. You look on the Sun as being a good natured, liberal-minded affair. I state that it would be more truthful to term it a very socialistic, antigovernment sheet that very definitely employs dirty tricks in competing with its solid and fair rival, The Province. I subscribe to the Sun so allow me to say that Vancouver does not speak of the Sun in the glowing terms that Berton does.—S. C. Miller, Vancouver.

Stamp of Sensationalism

What possessed Blair Fraser to write such a scurrilous article as that in July 1 Maclean's ("The Furious Rebel of Muddy York")? Its vulgarity must lower the tone of the magazine and its statements seem to bear the stamp of sensationalism rather than truth. (He) would seem to indicate that (William Lyon Mackenzie) was a fanatic. I should like to recommend to your readers "The Story of the Upper Canada Rebellion" by John Charles Dent who wrote a sincere and painstaking account of that troubled time.—Reader, Toronto.

Mr. Fraser read both volumes of Dent's work, says all the "sensational" quotes in his article came from those volumes. He suggests "Reader" reread Mr. Dent, who did his best to depict Mackenzie in the poorest possible light.—The Editors.

Benzedrine Addictive?

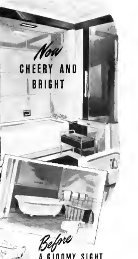
We are aware of the abuse of Benzedrine inhalers as described by Pierre Berton in his article "Benzy Craze" (Maclean's, June 15).

There is a strong implication in the article that Benzedrine is addictive. We are unaware of any substantiation of this in the medical literature. Mr. Berton has been careful to point out the important difference between narcotics and Benzedrine as to withdrawal symptoms, but he still leaves in the last paragraph the impression that probably the drug actually is addictive.—G. F. Hall, Smith, Kline & French Laboratories, Philadelphia.

Although some medical authorities use the word "addicts" when referring to chronic Benzedrine users, others prefer the word "habituates," which Maclean's used.—The Editors.

More Spirit, Please!

As a reader of your magazine don't you think it about time you relinquished the title Canada's National Magazine? It appears to me you haven't any more national spirit than a turnip. One doesn't expect to find the maple leaf emblazoned on every page but I do think a little more Canadian spirit would be in order. In my opinion the reason why so many Canadians leave Canada is the lack of Canadian unity and patriotism. Too many magazines and newspapers telling how much better the U.S. is than Canada. Stop waving the American flag over our parliament buildings, you—you—you.—F. Anderson, Chesley, Ont.



A GLOOMY SIGHT

This shining bathroom was once the drab room shown below. Pilkington "Vitrolite," Mirrors and British Polished Plate Glass worked the magical change. And now the decorative effect is both beautiful and permanent. "Vitrolite" is extremely durable, outlasting the building itself. Redecorating expense is, therefore, eliminated. An occasional wiping with a damp cloth keeps glass always lustrous, new looking. When building or remodeling consult your Architect about Glass.

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BOOK WITH CARE

Big Dough in Bread

Continued from page 10

Toronto. From the first he showed a formidable combination of qualities: self-confidence, resolution, vigor, shrewdness and leadership. At 25 he was general manager of the firm and when his father died in 1924 he took over the whole business. In his first two years he raised the profits of the company from $25,000 a year to $85,000. Then, in 1928, when only 31, he began the program of expansion which was to make him one of the world's greatest businessmen.

First he incorporated a new company, George Weston Ltd., and then he offered stock to the public. A few months later he bought the controlling interest in the William Paterson Co. of Brantford, manufacturers of confectionery and biscuits since 1863. Business was good, sales were steadily increasing and he looked now to the United States. He went to New York, persuaded an American financier to back him and came the only cropper of his career.

"Yes," he told me, "it was an awful cropper. I went almost bankrupt and had a physical breakdown too. But it was the most profitable breakdown any man ever had. It was my formative year. I learned then that courage is the vital element in life. I developed a duodenal ulcer and had to go to a hospital in Boston. During my convalescence I bought 20 or 30 of the finest books I could find on biography and history and I studied them. It was worth while. Something came to me then. I went back to Canada—a failure but a different man. I remodeled my methods completely and then I started to rebuild my fortunes in the United States."

When the depression struck he was buying new plants in both Canada and the United States. "Depressions are the best time," he says, and that is the kind of remark you expect from him. Once during the great depression, for example, he paid a flying visit to his plant at Brantford which was badly hit. He asked D. J. Chrysler, the manager, if he had laid off any men. "Yes," said Chrysler, "I had to let a few go." "Well, I don't want anyone laid off," replied Weston. "We make more money out of men than we ever make out of things."

The phrase "enlightened self-interest" might have been made for Weston and his methods. Generosity makes him happy—and it pays. "I don't buy plants, I buy men," he says. He seeks out and hires the ablest executives and engineers, he pays them high salaries and in addition he rewards them on what he calls the merit system of bonuses. "If there's one thing I do believe in," he says, "it is that the better worker should get the better reward. That is where socialism falls down."

Invasion of Britain

After only 10 years in business on his own, during which he had raised the sales of the original firm from $2,500,000 a year to $1 million a week, Garfield Weston turned to Britain. The British made the finest biscuits in the world but Weston thought he could make better biscuits at half the price. He did.

He had learned to begin every venture on a small scale, as an experiment. In 1934 he bought the biscuit section of the well-known Scottish company of Macleod and Muir of Aberdeen. He improved the plant and he was a success from the start. He sold fancy biscuits at exactly half the price at which they were sold by the world-famous firms all round him and he coined money.

He built a great new factory in England at Slough, near Windsor, where he produced high-class biscuits on the assembly line in enormous quantities. Then he built another big modern plant in Monmouthshire, taking employment to one of the most derelict areas of Britain. He bought control or interest in many other firms and turned one white elephant after another into solid gold bricks. "I was on the spree," he says. "I loved Britain and I saw that she had everything but enthusiasm. She had terrific wealth, better markets already made and incomparable ability to pull together, but she needed enthusiasm."

Weston's Technique

I saw myself how Weston inspired enthusiasm. Some years ago I was a guest at his annual banquet in London to his executives and salesmen, to his bankers and brokers and to some of his most powerful rivals. The banquet was followed by a lavish entertainment and then Weston made a speech which had some astonishing effects.

It was merely a talk about business and how successful they had all been and how much more successful they were going to be in the future and how grand it was to have ideals in business and all that. But it was a tour de force of inspirationalism. The man radiated sincerity and his hearers felt he was saying great, new important things.

One day in 1937 Garfield Weston was showing me over his new biscuit factory at Slough. Biscuits were being turned out in millions by great ingenious robots on an assembly line all the way from pastry to packet. In the last stage of one product a tube was spreading a layer of chocolate on the finished biscuit. "Look at that closely," said Weston, and he pointed out a small jet that was blowing air on each biscuit to spread and thin out the chocolate. "Ah," I said, "that's blowing the chocolate off." "Oh no," he replied, "it's blowing the profit on!"

As all this was going on he had turned also to bread. In 1934 he bought the old firm of Chibnall's Bakeries in London and it was the same story of new machines, new methods and spectacular success. Then he started buying bakeries large and small all over the United Kingdom. Soon he had 15,000 working for his Allied Bakeries. His British and Canadian bakeries together are easily the largest breadmaking concern in the world.

See how he worked. "Suppose you've got a small bakery business that uses 200 sacks of flour a week," Weston used to say. "You'll have to pay say $6 a sack. But look what happens if you have a 50,000 sack business! Buying flour on that scale you can get it for $4 a sack. You are making $50,000 a week just by doing a bigger business. And people say it's hard to get rich!"

The late Joseph Rank, the world's biggest miller while he lived and Britain's second richest man, once told his sons J. V. and Arthur Rank to bring Weston to see him. He wanted to size up the phenomenal newcomer. Rank's method was phrenology. He never engaged a man for an important position unless he had the right cranial conformation. After a long interview with Weston the old man (he was over 90) told his associates this: "Tie that young man up with us at all costs. Even if we lie awake at night trying to figure out what he's thinking we'll never do it. Better have him with us. Obviously he's a comer." He was a comer, but he never entered Rank's camp. Weston himself doesn't think you can judge character by any one detail such as the shape of the head or a handshake. But he did say once: "I can tell more about a man by the tone of his voice than by his letters, even if I'm talking to him by telephone halfway across the world."

"I want to see Britain wake up," Weston used to say, and for a time he played with the idea of waking her up himself. In 1938 he opened a big new factory at Newport, South Wales, and he made the opening a triumphal occasion to propagate his new slogan, "Work Harder for Britain." He hired a special and luxurious train to take 200 prominent guests to Newport. The slogan was bannered on every carriage. He had had a song written called "Work Harder for Britain," and all his guests sang it that day. Some said Weston was thinking of starting a popular political movement in Britain. But he never said so himself.

He did try politics again as an experiment. In 1939 he entered the British House of Commons as Conservative member for Macclesfield in an uncontested by-election. He made a maiden speech (defending the policies of Lord Beaverbrook) but no other. "I simply wanted to learn how Parliament ticked and to learn more about the Empire," he says. He resigned in 1945; he had seen what he wanted and being a lone wolf he had not perhaps felt at home in Parliament. Moreover Canada's great industrial development had attracted his attention.

Expansion in Canada

He took his wife and children back to Canada, bought estates and houses and settled in Vancouver. However he is now contemplating moving his business headquarters and his home to Ontario to be nearer the centre of his affairs.

Back in Canada Weston launched a new program of expansion. His original George Weston Ltd. had grown to include McCormick's, Paulin Chambers and many other big baking and confectionery firms. He now bought 88.8% of the William Neilson Co. for $4,500,000, thus making himself the biggest producer of ice cream in the British Empire and the biggest producer of chocolates in Canada. And he branched into other fields of industry in a very big way. From Lord Bennett he bought control of the E. B. Eddy paper company of Hull. Then, for some $2 millions he bought all the shares of the timber division of another paper firm, the J. R. Booth company. He merged the operations of these two firms in such a way that, whereas before the merger each had marketed about 55 products not too profitably, they now handled individually only half the number of products but very profitably.

The next year he paid nearly $3 millions for the control of Western Grocers, a firm engaged in the wholesale grocery, fruit and vegetable business in Western Canada and which includes 1,000 Red and White retail stores. More recently he has bought a large operating block of shares of Loblaw Groceterias. He has taken over Somerville's, one of Canada's largest paper box and paper converting houses; and to complement his Eastern Canadian interests he acquired the Sidney Roofing Co., a large producer of cardboard boxes in B.C. He also controls the National Paper Box Co. He has money in a gold mine too, Kerr West Mines Ltd., near Kenora, Ont. It is a terrific program. But it is only the beginning of his plans. And when you ask him why he wants to own a hundred companies he replies, "I love the game."

At the same time he enlarged his enterprises in the United States. He is concentrating his American energies on the three fastest-growing states, Texas, California and Oregon, but he also has biscuit factories in New York State, New Jersey and Virginia. He looks always for the places where population is dense or growing. And in that respect Canada disappoints him. "We Canadians need 10 million new people," he says, "but our immigration policy is timid, niggling."

The Man and His Family

Weston has expanded his empire also to South Africa (bread) and Jamaica (coconuts). Australia drew him too; he has just transferred $4 millions there to open a bread and biscuit business. And he is enchanted by the industrial possibilities of India, where he has built a paper box factory in Calcutta to make containers for the biscuits he expects to sell there in vast quantities. "There's absolutely no limit to the possibilities for bold and vigorous spirits," he points out. "The British Empire was built up more by its individual businessmen than by force of arms and it's still a waiting Eldorado. If only we could light a fire under our young men today!"

In Wittington, Weston's magnificent country estate on the Thames west of London, there is a 250-year-old carpet which once belonged to a Shah of Persia. When offered $50,000 for the carpet by a rich American, Weston refused to sell. He would never sell it, he said, because every one of his nine children had played on it.

Weston dislikes all personal publicity, particularly stories about his family life. But Weston's home life is an important part of him and of his story.

He married Reta Howard at her Moose Jaw home in 1921. His sister Pearl met her at the University of Toronto where they were both students and introduced her to the Weston family.

Weston has three homes: one on the Thames near London, which he now rarely uses, one on the Hudson River in New Jersey and one in West Point Grey, Vancouver, where the family now lives.

In Vancouver, Weston is relatively unknown. His name seldom appears on the society pages. He has little club or society life, has turned down membership in several exclusive organizations, doesn't bother with Board of Trade dinners and will seldom be interviewed.

Weston loves animals, especially horses. His children own a variety of pets.

The Weston family eats a lot of biscuits at home and continually chaffs him about their quality. Weston serves tea and biscuits to visitors to his penthouse office in Vancouver, often sends them away with a five-pound tin.

He takes Saturday and Sunday off for his family and seldom breaks this rule. He likes to ride, swim, fish, play tennis and ping pong with them. He has never learned to play golf and plays bridge under protest.

When they were in Britain, Weston refused to let his sons attend Eton or Harrow. "They are schools for rich aristocrats," Weston said. "How can my sons deal with ordinary people in the biscuit business if they don't know them?" At one time Weston had an opportunity to have his wife and daughters presented at court. After some thought he turned it down. He was anxious for his daughters not to fall under the spell of high social life

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His three elder daughters, Miriam, Barbara and Nancy, now attend Stanford University. His three younger daughters, Wendie, Gretchen and Camilla, go to a private school in Vancouver. One son, Galen, is under school age. His two elder sons, Grainger and Garry, are starting at the bottom of the biscuit business as their father and grandfather did before them.

Alive to the evils of money, Weston, like his father, doesn't believe in lavishing it on his children. Before they reached college age the Weston children got exactly 15 cents a week and were docked if they didn't practice their music lessons.

Weston believes that the greatest things ever said are the parables of Christ and he himself likes to talk in parables or what he calls "stories." At every important crisis in his career, he says, there has been "a story" to appease hostile shareholders who don't want to sell, to settle a dispute among his own executives or to resolve a man's dilemma. In print the stories would sound commonplace ("And the monk said to the king, 'The most precious jewels in the world are the beads of sweat on a workman's brow.'") but the way he tells them moves the most unlikely people to tears.

"Success in anything," Weston often says, "is 90% inspiration and only 10% brains," and he does inspire many people.

One night in London, when I answered my telephone, I found that Garfield Weston was on the line—speaking from Miami, 4,000 miles away. (He writes few letters but spends thousands of dollars a month on telephone calls.) He had just rung up to tell me, he said, that new elements of ambition and aggressiveness are slowly but surely coming forward again among the British peoples. "But we need a faith and a dream," he said.

"Splendid, but what dream?" I replied. "Faith in what?"

"Faith in the simple fact that the British Commonwealth can be great and prosperous again, unless we've lost our vigor and ambition," he said. "And my own business is a proof that we haven't. The Weston empire has been built against the handicaps of two world wars and two world depressions. In the face of sterling restrictions and world snarls and traps of every kind we've gone forward more aggressively than ever. We've not only invaded the American dollar market, we've battled successfully against the stiffest competition in many parts of the United States. We've refused absolutely to admit that the British—that is, us—are lacking in either insight or energy. And what I've done anybody can do. It was enthusiasm, not business cunning. It was the daring and adventurous spirit, that's all. If there's a story in me, that's it—not details of my nine children or my Persian rug."

Garfield Weston comes back to that point in every conversation. The greatness and renaissance of the British Commonwealth and Empire is his dream and his passion. "Just making money is the least important thing in the world," he says, "unless you're making it to advance a good cause. If my career in any way stimulates the young men of Canada to see the possibilities of the Empire, then I've made money in a good cause." ★

The Elephant on Parade

Continued from page 7

eroded a venerable tradition on this continent. Since then the conventions have merely increased in scope without changing their essential nature. If they now seem noisier and more vulgar than they once did, this is because modern technology in the form of radio and television has played its usual part in amplifying bad taste and making it available to millions who might otherwise have been unaware of it. Americans regard the kind of behavior seen at these conventions as a fact, a particularly American fact, and this circumstance makes it in their eyes oddly unalterable. Foreigners too often forget that although the United States is the most revolutionary of all countries in its techniques and manners, it is the most conservative of all in its political customs. Much of the behavior pattern which survives at conventions is a great deal more important than Americans themselves realize. It shows that while the United States may have assumed the leadership of the western world, Americans themselves still have a longing for the simple folkways of their own past and for the time when they could act as irresponsible children when they felt like it, knowing it made no difference if they did.

"Killing, Stupefying Heat"

The air in Philadelphia in the third week of June was as humid as air can be without congealing into actual liquid. The air conditioning apparatus in Convention Hall either did not work or did not exist, but the klieg lights necessary for telecasting worked only too well. Sometimes the temperature in the hall was over a hundred degrees.

It was a killing, stupefying heat, yet for five days and nights the delegates and their alternates, the committeemen, the bosses, special pleaders, whoopers-up and ward heelers, together with thousands of men and women who had assembled from all over the nation to support their favorite candidates, kept up a pace which was at once magnetically slow in the consummation of their vital business and hard and hectically frantic in all the details and methods surrounding it. In the humidity they were simultaneously boiled and dazzled by the klieg lights, which made them look unnatural to everyone, including the bar flies who watched the proceedings by television in the comfort of their neighborhood saloons. They snatched meals and drinks in crowded restaurants and bars. They attended morning sessions in the hall from eleven until two thirty in the afternoon and evening sessions from nine until long past midnight. On the night of the nominations it was five in the morning before the hall was finally cleared.

But Convention Hall was only one scene of their activities. The suites in the downtown hotels were kept open 24 hours out of 24 and long past midnight the lobbies were still milling with throngs. The politicians chivied the delegates like cheerful steeds. I never once saw a politician shake hands in a normal manner; he always used both hands, one grasping the stranger's right, the other his elbow or shoulder, while a look appeared in his eyes which said more eloquently than words that this was the first occasion when the stranger's real merit had been recognized and appreciated.

Throughout Philadelphia that week the noise was constant. When delegates staggered into their rooms for a few hours of rest they sometimes found strangers asleep on their beds. All week

their ears were hammered by bands playing campaign songs, by the roar of traffic in crowded streets and by the overmastering roar of the orators, most of whom had learned their trade before the day of the microphone. Now their gravel voices were distorted and magnified a hundred times by the technical apparatus into which they bellowed the most furious oratory I have ever heard.

Joe Martin, normally the Speaker of the House of Representatives and for this week permanent chairman (there were three chairmen in all, not because one was likely to crack under the strain but because the honor must be shared), pounded a five-pound gavel on a two-inch board of solid oak. On the fourth day he fractured the oak, but he merely grinned as though he had given a public demonstration of the weakness of material objects in comparison with the toughness of a good man.

In fact everybody, with the possible exception of Senator Taft of Ohio and Governor Duff of Pennsylvania, was marvelously cheerful and good natured. The politicians and crowds at Philadelphia, with their posters, tenuous slogans, oratory, skulduggery, deals, firm promises and abuse of their opponents, formed, when all aspects are considered, probably the most thoroughly good-natured assemblage one could conceive in the world today.

1,094 With a Purpose

And yet the convention was self-consciously serious in purpose and even in its more important aspects. Everyone who was there and everyone who thought about it knew that it might well turn out to be the most important political convention held in the United States since the one which nominated Abraham Lincoln on the eve of the Civil War. It was accepted as axiomatic at the convention that Harry Truman could not possibly be re-elected unless the Republicans made fools of themselves in their choice of a candidate or in their campaign during the following months.

There were times as I sat in the section of the first balcony reserved for the periodical press when I was overcome by a feeling of awe at the power of choice residing with the 1,094 delegates below me. The presidency is such a tremendous position, far greater and more isolated than that of Prime Minister. Good or bad, weak or strong, the president is elected for a minimum of four years and nothing short of impeachment can oust him during that time. There the delegates sat, row by row, under their state placards, their alternates grouped in similar fashion behind them, two for every senator and representative sent by their respective states to the Congress, with a few more delegates as bonuses to those states which had voted Republican in 1944 or 1946.

They were a mixed group, containing both important and obscure men and women. At the head of the Pennsylvania delegation was the rugged figure of Governor Duff, a man of presidential capacity himself. In the Massachusetts section one could see the lean, shy, aristocratic features of Senator Saltonstall. There were several Negroes among the delegates. Glenn Cunningham, the famous middle-distance runner, sat in the Nebraska section. Irene Dunne and George Murphy of Hollywood were among the 53 from California. One delegate I met—and a quiet, thoughtful man he was—told me he was a veterinary from Indiana. Among those 1,094 there were certainly many, possibly a majority, who were only nominally of an independent mind. In some states it is the law that they must vote as a unit and in others they voted as their delegation chairman instructed. It was also a fact that a large number of them were motivated chiefly by a personal interest in showing themselves on the side of the winner.

Jamboree and Business

There were a good many official and unofficial foreign observers at this Republican Convention in Philadelphia, and I suppose all of us were in some degree astounded by the realization that such a solemn act as the selection of the probable next President of the United States should be preceded by days of ward heeling rivalry and accompanied by outbursts of infantile frenzy of a kind indigenous only to this one country in all the world. Yet it was in the pattern and each of us had to find a way to understand what we observed, remembering that hokum is an integral and time-honored part of all conventions in the United States, whether those convening are shoe salesmen, sociologists, florists or politicians. It was soon evident that such a convention as this had two quite different and opposing reasons for being called. One of these was to provide a jamboree on a gigantic scale for the faithful. The other was the hardest kind of business. Inevitably the business went on behind closed doors in the Bellevue-Stratford and the Benjamin Franklin hotels, while the jamboree was not only visible and audible in Convention Hall but on millions of television and radio sets around the world.

On the first day it took the chairman more than half an hour to call the delegates to order. Then a girl with naked shoulders, a skintight aquamarine dress and a silver cummerbund around her waist sang the national anthem. She was followed by the Methodist Bishop of Philadelphia, who in the invocation correctly reminded the Republicans that they were sinners as he implored the Divine Being to quicken their shame at past wickednesses. It was a prayer that fell on stony ground, for the only wickednesses mentioned in that hall during the rest of the week were those of Democrats and Communists.

When the Bishop retired he was followed by the Mayor of Philadelphia, the manner of whose introduction set the tone of all introductions to follow. "A man of the pee-pul," the chairman shouted, "beloved by the pee-pul!"

The Mayor was followed by entertainers introduced as the best barbershop quartet in America.

A long speech by Governor Duff followed and it might have been interesting if the speaker himself had been interested in what he was saying. But as we already knew, Governor Duff regarded his speech as a mere formality. The job he had set himself at the convention was to fight the Grundy Owlett machine in his own key state and until Wednesday night that battle was not fought in public.

Voice of the Mothers

Following the Governor came Carroll Reece, the Chairman of the National Republican Committee. This tireless man, who had spent days and nights helping to organize the convention, was in sight throughout its duration. Like all the orators he had a mighty voice. Like all of them he linked the New Deal and the Democratic administration with Communism, associated Franklin Roosevelt with the fact that America had been forced to participate in the war and afterward had lost the peace. The details of his address I forget, as I suppose that he himself has forgotten them. But his personality I

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shall remember whenever I see a politician grip a lectern with both hands and throw back his head to give me the business. "The American People," he bellowed, "do not belong to the Government. The Government belongs to the American People. And the American People"—he paused for several seconds then let his voice drop to a saxophone whisper—"belong only unto God!"

Through the next three days and nights there were many, many more speeches. After each one the delegates from the orator's home state waved their state banner and as often as not got up to parade around the floor. The keynoter was the silver-haired, red-faced, tight-lipped Governor of Illinois, Dwight Green. In his address he employed the phrase "the American People" so often that I became hypnotized by it and lost all idea of what his speech was about. I well remember a Mrs. Frances Bolton of Ohio who, the chairman told us, "speaks as a mother." She did indeed. "We who know the cost of giving life," she cried passionately, "as NO MAN ever can or ever will, know that we cannot sit back at this grave moment in world history. Let me tell you that the WOMEN of America care! At election time in November they will show that they care!"

Mrs. Bolton was followed by the Coatesville Male Choir which received from the chairman a truly Republican introduction. "This choir," he said, "contains insurance brokers, a school teacher, realtors and a banker—in short, a truly representative group from their community." Their first offering was "The Woodchuck Song."

So the sessions went on while the real work was being carried out in the hotels. Resolutions were offered and passed, an on-the-record platform was presented by Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., and adopted.

An event of deep significance to Republicans occurred the night ex-President Herbert Hoover appeared to address them. The old man was as straight in the back and as stiff in the neck as ever, his hair very white, his face very pink. He received a tremendous ovation which may have atoned for some of the bitterness which has eaten into him over the past 16 years.

A Kick from a Lady

Hoover was followed on the platform by Clare Booth Luce, who gave an address in which she ridiculed President Truman so mercilessly that even Westbrook Pegler objected to it the next day in his column. The quickness of Americans to sympathize with the underdog was never more clearly shown than by the reception of this speech. It was the kind which should have been made by nobody on any platform, least of all by a talented and beautiful woman. Her choice of metaphors would have been vulgar had they come from a man; coming from that exquisite woman they were shocking and they made many of the men in the audience extremely uncomfortable. "After all," one of the ushers said to me the next day, "maybe the guy hasn't got much on the ball, but he's a gentleman and he can't handle that dame the way she handled him."

There was another feature of the convention which, to my knowledge, none of the reporters troubled to mention, but which moved me, the outsider, more deeply than I have words to describe. Again and again the band played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and at least four times it was sung by stars from the operatic or concert stage. The Republican Party was and still is the political instrument of puritan America. It is puritan America with all its self-satisfied materialism, but deep down it is also puritan America in its flaming faith in the inviolability of the individual man. It was out of the spirit which won the Civil War, which the puritans waged to implement that faith, that the Battle Hymn of the Republic came, just as it was in the course of that war that the Republican Party established itself.

Pandemonium and Chaos

It was Wednesday before the names of the candidates were put in nomination and no one who was present in the hall that day is likely to forget it. It was during the course of the day that it became known that Senator Martin of Pennsylvania had bolted into the Dewey camp. It was at seven in the evening, in a small room boiling under klieg lights, that Governor Duff, too late to frustrate the Grundy-Owlet gang who were believed to have engineered Martin's desertion, threw the Pennsylvania caucus open to the public and had each member polled in the presence of witnesses. It was at nine in the evening that the session was convened for the nominations and by 10 o'clock the temperature within the hall, inflamed by the body heat of more than 2,000 frenzied delegates and alternates, rose to over a hundred degrees.

Neither radio nor television gave a fraction of the sense of pandemonium and organized chaos which broke out on that night. Each candidate was nominated in a 15-minute eulogy by his chosen henchman and the nomination speech was followed by four seconders who were allowed five minutes each. This called for a schedule of 270 minutes of oratory. At the end of each nomination there was a period of half an hour or more of insane yelling, parading, noisemaking and hoopla that is known technically as a demonstration.

Nearly all of the nomination speeches ridiculed themselves. Senator Bricker, an imposing figure in size and stateliness, was so moved by his own words in praise of Senator Taft that for several moments it seemed doubtful if he would be able to finish. "No man," the reporter next to me murmured, "can possibly think so highly of anyone else. Bricker's going to end up by nominating himself." We watched him as his mighty voice rolled after a weak spell and he tossed his mane of silver hair and lunged back at the microphone. At the end he gave us the name—Robert Alphonso Taft! Then, his face as red as an explosion, he staggered back into the arms of Carroll Reece and Walter Hallanan who pounded him on the back while he shook his head slowly from side to side as if the majesty of his own oration had knocked him out.

The Taft demonstration was louder than Dewey's and milder than Stassen's, but it can stand as a sample of nearly all the rest. Before the final seconder had fallen silent, the Taft men took to the floor. It was nearly midnight then. Shirts were clinging to wet skins. Men sat with their jackets folded on their knees. There were still four and a half hours and five nominations to go.

Senator Taft's face does not look at its best on an election poster and his henchmen had two pictures of him on each poster they carried, one side smiling, the other side grim. Under the ghastly glare of the klieg lights, the posters constantly rotating, constantly bobbing up and down, the face stern on one side, smiling on the other, stern and smiling faces dancing on hundreds of posters on the ends of poles until the whole floor looked like a forest of decapitated heads bobbing and dancing, the henchmen of Senator Taft went into a war dance that lasted nearly 50 minutes. Why anyone should be moved to elect a man to a grave office after such a display no non-American will ever understand.

On that night Governor Warren showed the tact which marked his behavior all through the convention. When his name was put into nomination by the California delegation he allowed the demonstration in his honor to last 10 minutes, then he requested his followers to leave the floor. Such modesty was not for Stassen's crowd. At three o'clock in the morning they were still under way, led by a drum majorette who mounted the rostrum to do a rumba while a girl in a boat was carried around the floor on the shoulders of the crowd. At four-something in the morning the nominations were finally over and the last one was probably the most instructive of them all.

Wisconsin, toward the end of the alphabetical list of states, had been unable to persuade Alabama or Arkansas to cede their right to nominate a favorite son to Wisconsin's favor. So Wisconsin waited her turn. A lonely soldier who had spent most of the war years in a Japanese prison read a speech in praise of a military hero, his commanding officer. When he finished, the nomination was duly seconded, but there were no swaggering military bands as there would have been in Europe, no hokum as there had been earlier in the evening, no impressive swashbuckling to make up a demonstration. General MacArthur's name was recorded by a tired secretary on the platform and what was left of the crowds went home to bed. In seven hours the delegates were due back again to cast their votes.

What's Dewey For?

To no one's surprise, probably not even to Senator Bricker's, Dewey won the nomination on the following day. He won it mainly by reason of his preconvention organization, partly because of the hard and very clever work which had been going on in hotel rooms while we watched the jamboree in Convention Hall, partly also owing to the imponderables which always emerge as influence in affairs of this kind.

Dewey is a symbol of the force of management. As Governor of New York, by far the most complex of all the states, he has shown a good record even though he inherited an excellent state of affairs from his predecessors, Governors Lehman and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Dewey has surrounded himself with able men, managers like himself, who have done their best for him. As a man he has a reputation for coldness, for a hard head and a calculating ambition. He is in general more respected than liked. In spite of his comparative youth, the radicals who follow Wallace hate Dewey worse than they hate Taft, probably because they regard him as a more formidable enemy.

Dewey's headquarters were quieter than Taft's and much quieter than Stassen's. The people who thronged his rooms in the Bellevue-Stratford were generally less attractive people than those who so audibly adored Stassen. But nearly all of Dewey's followers had the air of men and women who are accustomed to getting what they want, who will get it nine times out of 10.

When Dewey held his first press conference he sat on a chair under klieg lights and answered questions for over half an hour. His hands were folded on the table before him, his voice was quietly modulated, his answers were quick, good humored and to the point and every one of them worked to his advantage. During this half hour of questioning Dewey appeared to be completely reposed. He never moved a muscle below those of his neck; his legs, arms and small body remained still and relaxed. Such control and self-confidence were almost disconcerting in a man who looked so young, for in spite of the responsibilities he has held in his life Dewey could pass for a man under 40. No photograph does him justice because no photograph reveals the nature of his eyes. In pictures the height of Dewey's frontal bones and cheekbones obscures the eyes with shadows and makes them look opaque. In life they are very large, luminous and dark, and he has a way of rolling them occasionally, whether to express irony or amusement I could not tell. He disparaged no antagonist in his interview; instead he contrived to give everyone the feeling that the sooner the convention was over the better since the result was so clearly a foregone conclusion.

When the convention was over, it was all too apparent that Harold Stassen had represented no real force at all. He had merely stood for a point of view, a point of view shared by millions of well-meaning Americans who desire no radical change but who would like to see a younger man, free of the taint of party bosses, at the head of the government. Were 1948 a depression year I have little doubt that Stassen would have won the nomination, for I got the distinct impression that whereas Dewey would be more at ease dealing with individuals, Stassen would be happiest dealing with a crowd.

Taft's Beliefs

One is forced to believe that a large portion of the relief felt in the United States over Dewey's winning of the nomination is based on a deep thankfulness that the Republican nominee is not Robert Taft, for in American life today he represents the bitter reaction of pure isolationism. In him is lodged all the Middle Westerner's naive conviction that nothing but harm can come from Europe, that things were better 40 years ago than they are now because 40 years ago labor was less obstreperous, that the United States will prosper if she stands aloof and will come to harm if she associates freely with the corruption of Europe and Asia. There are still many voters in the United States who hold Taft to be completely right in such judgments. Around him the Republican Old Guard of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era stood firm. This is a Republican year and the bosses knew it, but fortunately they could feel the will of the people even in the small hours of the morning in the closed suites of the hotels. "Dewey," an American reporter said to me, "is the least liberal candidate they thought they could get away with."

On the night the third ballot was completed and Dewey was nominated by acclamation there was a long period during which we waited for him to reach Convention Hall in order to deliver his acceptance speech. Now we could see a small brigade of police officers formed in a double line, marking the path Dewey would have to take to the rostrum. Within a matter of seconds, the very instant after he had been officially acclaimed the nominee, he had become a public charge. Dewey was now a precious cargo; he was a ward of the state and he was guarded carefully even from the very crowd which had given him that honor.

When he finally appeared, intense, petite, his face was radiant with happiness. He opened his arms wide to receive the emotion of the crowd while Mrs. Dewey stood aside, her own dignity grave and retiring. And because it was a North American crowd, reared fundamentally in the British tradition of politics, even though it contained hundreds of bitter opponents of Dewey, it gave him a warm and earnest ovation as it responded generously to his simple speech of humility and promise.

Now he faces the entire country. Whether he can beat Harry Truman in November depends neither upon his promises nor his trained radio voice, but solely upon the effect of Russian strategy on the unconscious needs of the American people through the summer and fall of 1948. ★

Cross Country

Continued from page 11

dar for a face lifting. With federal grants for battlefield maintenance upped, the Battlefields Commission plans to spend more money on the history-laden property.

Quebecers call the Plains simply "The Park" and often sun themselves under its double monuments to Wolfe and Montcalm. From the plateau you can see the hazy outline of New England's mountains to the south and the foothills of the Laurentians to the north (peeping between the steeples and tenements of old Quebec City). Farmers still find old military buttons, hunks of rusty muskets and mid-eighteenth century coins on and near the property. Old cannon, relics of vessels wrecked during the historic siege, still line the pathways and the thin path which Wolfe used to ascend the steep cliff is still visible at the western extremity. One of the Commission's plans will be to extend driveways across the property where once a thin line of French soldiers faced British muskets.

ONTARIO

Hamiltonian Lions, sponsors of the Miss Canada Pageant, hold up hands in horror when irreverent reporters call it a "beauty contest." It's charm, personality and talent that count, they say—why, the girls only parade in bathing suits for five minutes—well, maybe 10. And there's $10,000 in scholarships offered the winning contestants rather than cash.

Lions are proud that one of the first entries received for this year's Pageant (August 19-20) is a convent-educated girl who topped her class and sings on the CBC (Miss Halifax in the person of Betty Jean Ferguson).

Other aspiring Miss Canadas aren't so happy. The odds, they say, are weighted heavily in favor of the girls whose papas can afford to pay for special coaching in music, dancing, dramatics and art. Undaunted, the Lions plan to place more emphasis on nobility of spirit, less on face and form as the years go on.

* * *

Not long ago Toronto's Mayor Hiram McCallum proudly announced a marked decrease in juvenile delinquency in his city. Newspaper readers weren't so sure last month. Two teen-age gangs, it turned out, were playing the dickens with private property and the mayor's statistics.

The gangs operated on a lavish and ambitious scale reminiscent of Al Capone's Chicago mobs. They used

Continued on page 55

don't take chances with **dry scalp***

*SYMPTOMS: Itchy feeling, dandruff, dry, brittle hair. Loose hairs on comb or brush. Unless checked may cause baldness.

Keep your scalp in condition ...hair in place

Sun... wind... frequent wetting—they're hard on the hair. Keep the life and lustre in your hair ... condition it for easy grooming by supplementing the natural scalp oils with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Largest selling hair preparation in the world.

55¢ and 95¢

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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ABSOLUTELY NO COST TO YOU!

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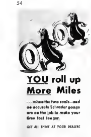
YOU roll up More Miles

. . . when the two seals—and an accurate Schrader gauge are on the job to make your tires last longer.

GET ALL THREE AT YOUR DEALERS

Gauge your tires accurately

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TORONTO, ONTARIO

IN MONTREAL

Men of affairs naturally stop at the WINDSOR because of its reputation for dignified comfort, unobtrusive, courteous service and its convenient location—and because the WINDSOR is recognized as the proper place for business and social meetings.

THE Windsor
ON DOMINION SQUARE
J. ALDERIC RAYMOND,
PRESIDENT

WIT AND WISDOM

Whoa!—An inmate of an asylum asked for paper explaining that he felt an urge to write. The attendant brought him an old typewriter and a pile of paper. The man set to work typing at great speed. This activity aroused the attendant's curiosity and he came over and asked how the writer was getting on.

"Swell!" was the reply. "I'm writing a wonderful adventure story. Here, read it."

The other took the pages and read: "General Jones leaped upon his faithful horse and shouted, 'Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap! Giddyap! . . .'" and so on for pages and pages.

"What's this?" asked the attendant. "The man jumps on his horse and then there's nothing but pages of Giddyap?"

"Oh!" said the inmate. "Can I help it if the horse won't move?"—*Welland Evening Tribune*

A Jerk—A young author whose first novel became a surprise best seller, began to show alarming symptoms of that occupational disease called "swell-headedness." One morning he confided loftily, "It rather irks me to think I'll make less than $200,000 on the book." His publisher reminded him, "It's nice irk if you can get it."—*Calgary Albertan*

Diagnosed—At 50 years of age millionaire Jones had a permanent humming in his ears and his eyes bugged out somewhat. He went to a doctor.

"What you need," said the doctor, "is a long rest. Go to Florida for six months."

Jones did but it didn't help. At 60 his ailment had increased. His eyes bulged, his ears roared like Niagara. He went to a specialist, then another, and another. Each one prescribed something different. Each diagnosed another ailment: high blood pressure, goitre, overwork.

They finally told him he had only a year to live. He decided to make the most of it, have a gay life. He even went to his tailor and ordered two new suits. Shoes, socks and ties too. He ordered shirts, monogrammed silk shirts. The tailor took his measurements carefully, sleeves, chest and finally his collar.

"Size 16," he said, marking it down.

"Size 16 nothing!" exclaimed Jones. "All my life I've worn a 15 and I'm not going to change now."

"Just as you say," said the tailor. "But I warn you—it'll make your ears buzz and your eyes bug out."

Poor Likeness—Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated portrait painter, once met a lady in the street in Boston, who saluted him with:

"Ah, Mr. Stuart, I have just seen your miniature and kissed it because it was so much like you."

"And did it kiss you in return?"

"Why, no."

"Then," said Stuart, "it was not like me."—*Montreal Star*

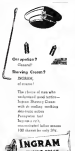
"To begin with, Madam, I deeply resent this leaving your door ajar."

EYE-GENE
SAFELY Relieves TIRED, SMARTING EYES In SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your eyes that are tired or [illegible] wind, glare, overwork, lack of sleep or smoke—will [illegible] rest, refresh, clear them in seconds. Use it every day. EYE-GENE is safe and gentle. 25¢, 60¢ and $1 eye-dropper bottles at Druggists. Insist on EYE-GENE!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Dull morning look . . .
Snap back to sparkle!


Occupation?
General!
Shaving Cream?
INGRAM,
of course!

The choice of men who understand good tactics—Ingram Shaving Cream with its cooling, soothing skin-tonic action. Pennywise too! Ingram's rich, concentrated lather means 100 shaves for only 39¢.

INGRAM SHAVING CREAM

"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Continued from page 53

girl spies to grab off information; reconnaissance squads to watch rivals' movements; hired trucks to transport each other to out-of-town battlegrounds (suburban dance halls and summer resorts) where challenges were issued and accepted. One of the young gangs called itself "The Beanery Gang" after a lunch-counter rallying point. The West End gang called itself "The Junction Boys." Several dozen teen-agers (some of whom posed for the press with cigarettes drooping from their lips and trousers tight around their ankles) belonged to each gang. Several dozen more were recruited from the streets when a big battle was planned.

A final showdown between the two gangs was interrupted when police arrested 15 of the ringleaders and when four more were hauled into court charged with assaulting a teen-age girl (they got off). Despite these arrests the gangs still operate. Police aren't sure yet how to break them up.

THE PRAIRIES

When pretty, 12-year-old Martha Chretien came to her death under the wheels of a truck on Winnipeg's Logan Avenue, it was too much for the war veterans living in the 400-house settlement close by. Martha's father had been killed fighting in Italy and the little girl, who lived with her aunt, was well known to the ex-servicemen. Not only that: it was the fifth traffic death on Winnipeg streets in a month.

Led by a six-foot, 36-year-old architectural ironworker named Don Wilson—a man with five years as pilot-flight engineer with RCAF coastal command—the veterans went to work. For two weeks they clocked cars and trucks between fixed points on Logan Avenue within their settlement. Then they went to the city council. Their findings: some trucks had been careening through the area, on the route to the provincial highway, at 45 miles an hour; passenger cars were doing 55.

The vets asked and got a special traffic patrol. A 15 mph speed limit was established in the entire area. The day after the protest two cruiser patrols went to work pinching speeders right and left. One veteran noted seven arrests in an hour. Meanwhile the veterans had formed a safety patrol of the children in their settlement which worked so well that parents all over the city asked for help in organizing similar groups of child vigilantes. Police began to tighten down all over town. And, in the month following little Martha's death, there were no further traffic fatalities in Winnipeg.

* * *

The boom is on in oil-happy Edmonton whose Chamber of Commerce boasts it as the fastest growing town on the continent (population 90,000 in 1939, 124,000 today). Four thousand new homes have mushroomed up since the war; 2,000 more are in the building and permits have been issued for 20 apartment blocks. A harassed city council can't keep up with water and light to serve a town which once had wide stretches of bushland well within the city limits. Today these areas are at a premium.

Two Edmonton department stores are building additions estimated at close to a million dollars, the brewing company has added a half million dollar addition, the gas company is spending $2,100,000 extending its services. There's a new telephone building ($600,000), post-office extension ($500,000) and a million dollars worth of new schools going up. They're starting work on a $6 million hotel and a $4 million federal building. In addition, Edmonton has 12 new industries devoted to supplying the new Leduc oil field. As for the oil, there's so much of it that it's running out of the taps, discoloring drinks and leaving a thick rim on the bathtub.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

For eight years Constable 122 of the Vancouver police force had been waiting for a big case to come along. On slack days when there were fewer drunks to be picked up in his paddy wagon he'd joke with reporters and tell them that some day he'd give them a real story. But when the big story broke, Constable Joe Cotter, who has ambitions to be a close-lipped detective, let others tell it for him.

Burly young Police Chief Walter Mulligan called in Joe's newspaper friends. Constable 122, he said, had been working in his spare time with an anonymous woman to trap a suspicious Toronto visitor. The police had raided the Torontonian's quarters, discovered a small amount of deadly brown heroin. They'd clapped him into secret arrest, watched the post office like a hawk and sprung the trap on a man who'd claimed a parcel addressed to their prisoner.

When the parcel was opened the RCMP narcotics squad found that Joe Cotter, ex-cowboy, ex-printer and nursemaid for [illegible] horses, had cracked one of Western Canada's greatest drug cases and paved the way for the seizure of $100,000 worth of brown H.

From an obscure Black Maria driver Joe Cotter became the city's best known cop. Police Chief Mulligan promised a new job soon. He'd get next chance at an opening in the prowler ranks of the criminal investigation department.

But still Joe Cotter said nothing about what he called his luck—even around home where his two kids watched goggle-eyed while he quietly weeded his favorite pansies. For a would-be detective, Constable 122 was learning fast. ★

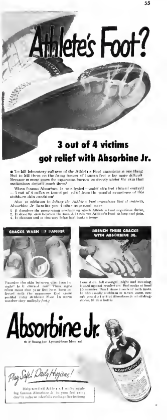
Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 15

newspaper it often sounds like the very voice of the Catholic clergy. It was strange to read last month a leading editorial signed by Le Devoir's director, Gerard Filion, which gave a stinging rebuke to the organ of the Jesuits.

"We have no right as Catholics to keep silence over this affair and to bury a second time the silicotics of St. Remi. Also the attitude of Relations taken in closing the debate is hardly suitable to a paper which has always advertised its preoccupation with social questions. To sanction an injustice toward the weak, on the pretext of rendering justice to the strong, is no proof of courage.

"It is through dishonorable capitulations like the one we now witness that the working class, not of France or Italy but of Canada and Quebec, will gradually lose confidence in the Christian faith and turn to the leaders of the Left. And then we shall see these same Catholics, who let the workers down when it was time to defend them, calling with loud screams for the maintenance of order by Padlock Laws and the application of social justice with the lash." ★


Athlete's Foot?

3 out of 4 victims got relief with Absorbine Jr.

● To kill laboratory cultures of the Athlete's Foot organisms is one thing. But to kill them on the *living* tissues of human feet is far more difficult. Because in some cases the organisms burrow so deeply under the skin that medication doesn't *reach* them!

When famous Absorbine Jr. was tested—under strictest clinical control!—3 out of 4 sufferers tested got relief *from* the painful symptoms of this stubborn skin condition!

Also, in addition to *killing the Athlete's Foot organisms that it contacts*, Absorbine Jr. benefits you 4 other important ways:

1. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive. 2. It dries the skin between the toes. 3. It relieves Athlete's Foot itching and pain. 4. It cleanses and in this way helps heal broken tissue.

CRACKS WARN OF DANGER

Examine the skin between your toes tonight! Is it cracked, raw? These signs often mean that your feet have been infected with the organisms that cause painful, itchy Athlete's Foot. In warm weather they multiply *fast*!

DRENCH THESE CRACKS WITH ABSORBINE JR.

Pour it on full strength night and morning. Guard against reinfection. Boil socks at least 15 minutes. Don't share towels or bath mats. In obstinately stubborn or severe cases, consult your doctor. Get Absorbine Jr. at all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle.

Absorbine Jr.
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Play Safe! Daily Hygiene!

Help ward off Athlete's Foot by applying famous Absorbine Jr. to your feet every day! It's also wonderfully cooling after bathing.

THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY LIMITED DUNNVILLE, ONTARIO

PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

A LONG TIME farmer near Norwich, Ont., retired last fall to a home in the village—but you never would have guessed. He's been going like a combine ever since, ripping up the overgrown raspberry patch on the property and selling the canes, chopping down several unnecessary trees and sawing, splitting and neatly stacking the resulting firewood near the kitchen door. Hardly had a moment to get to know his neighbors at all, till a few weeks back he took a stroll down the street. He paused to chat with one nearby resident who congratulated him on the improvement he'd made in his property, expressing amazement at all that had been accomplished.

"Yes sir," returned the farmer, "and there were a couple of maple trees just standing out in front doing nothing, so this spring I tapped them!"

• • •

An official of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation recently received an application for a Government loan with which to build a church. Off went a letter of regret explaining that loans could be issued only for building houses, and back came the indignant reply: "Don't you know that the church is the house of God?"

Last we heard the correspondence had been carefully enclosed in a special file and the file was being bounced about from office to office like a hot election issue.

• • •

A big bus was rolling off the miles between Edmonton and Calgary not long ago and the monotony of the ride had set almost everyone to snoozing except an eager seven-year-old, who was scrambling up and down the aisle visiting all his fellow passengers in turn. His mother tried to make him sit down and relax, but you know what good that did. As the bus pulled to a stop in one town en route the boy was heard chatting in loud, clear tones with one of the passengers as to the relative merits of bus drivers.

"Gee, this is a lot better driver than the fellow we had coming up," he declared. The older passenger said he thought all busmen had to be good drivers.

"Well, that guy wasn't," insisted the boy. "He was always smiling into the mirror at mother instead of watching the road."

• • •

Big Ontario mining man was heading back to his Bay Street haunts aboard the Northland a while ago after a mixed business and pleasure trip to the north country with his wife. They'd had a fine but strenuous time and weren't too happy when they found that due to heavy summer travel they would have to share a lower berth on the trip home to Toronto. After the struggle to get undressed, the mining man's wife had a splitting headache. Heading for the washroom to take an Aspirin she told her hubby to take the window side of the berth so she wouldn't have to climb over him when she returned. Back she came down the aisle a few minutes later, slipped between the curtains, crawled in beside the familiar hulking back, crowned by the gradually balding pate, and snuggled down to sleep as her husband began gently to snore.

A split second later she was wide-awake and quivering with shock as it suddenly struck her—her husband had never snored in all their married life! She was out of the berth in a flash and standing limply in the aisle when another balding pate was thrust out of the next berth and her husband snapped impatiently: "Where the devil have you been?" She slumped in beside him and didn't say a word.

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOUR BACK!
ME? I AIN'T BEEN NOWHERE!

• • •

"To separate two glasses which have stuck together," reports the Creston (B.C.) Review, in a well-intentioned burst of helpfulness, "fill the inner one with cold water and the outside one with warm water."

Might work at that, if you had a shoehorn.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

The next to disappear?

The Big-horn has been hunted out of much of its former range in the United States. In Canada too, the Rocky Mountain Sheep is decreasing because of over-hunting and outright poaching, a set of its magnificent horns is a prized trophy. If we in Canada are to preserve this stately "sentinel of the rimrock" we must do all we can to see that conservation measures are strictly observed.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP

By Beverley Herbert

The Carolina Paroquet was slaughtered just for its brightly coloured feathers. It is now extinct, a bitter lesson to us to preserve what we can of our vanishing wildlife.

CARLING'S

THE CARLING BREWERIES LIMITED
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Nature Unspoiled — YOURS TO ENJOY — YOURS TO PROTECT

When MINUTES Count

4205 Tests* Proved

Old Dutch Cleanser FASTEST-EASIEST

of ALL leading cleansers

"*Ho...hum!* What a swell friend Old Dutch is going to be tonight! Just two spoonfuls in the dishwater and these glasses and dishes'll *sparkle!*

Those greasy pans? They're not so much! 'Cause Old Dutch *dissolves* grease . . . fast. Yes, and that Seismotite in Old Dutch . . . now *there's* the stuff for getting rid of dirt and stains. That's Old Dutch for you . . . a friend in need. Sure-fire for *faster, easier* cleaning when your cleaning minutes count!

So ladies, remember my little hint on dishwashing. And try Old Dutch Cleanser *yourself*. See how many minutes, how much rubbing you *save* on soiled, greasy pans and dishes . . . your sink, tub, and washbowl!

P. S. Louise says to notice how *easy* Old Dutch Cleanser is on the hands."

Listen to **NICK CARTER**
Every Sunday on Mutual
See paper for time and station

* Cleansers widely known in the U.S. and Canada were tested on soiled, greasy surfaces. And Old Dutch cleaned fastest, easiest of all!

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